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of either only in the points which they have in common. My subject is Europe, and with regard to the continent of Europe both feelings come to the same thing. The votaries of British dominion and the votaries of English brotherhood would alike shrink from the attempt to find a field for the expansion of either among the settled kingdoms and commonwealths of Europe. To neither could the event of 1837, the separation between the crowns of Hanover and Great Britain, be any matter of sorrow. English brotherhood assuredly was in no way wronged, British dominion could hardly be wronged, by setting the sovereign of Great Britain free from a position in which some kind of superiority had to be acknowledged in a German diet, some possibly even in its Austrian President. But in truth, in those days, though the materials for both feelings were already in being, though one at least had begun practically to work upon men's minds, neither of them had as yet put on the same definite shapes which they have since. I would not make bold to say that the feeling for which I have had to plead at other times, and for which I fear I may often have to plead again, had then any conscious being on either side of Ocean. And the other feeling of which I spoke, the sheer delight in dominion, though it was certainly in being and in vigorous being, had not yet clothed itself in a shape so clearly cut and so easily recognized as it has since put on. Nor had it yet taken to itself its distinguishing title and watchword. We had already the Imperial Parliament and the Imperial Bushel, and assuredly no man would have scrupled then, any more than in much earlier times, to use the name of 'Empire' to add point to a telling piece of poetry or rhetoric. But assuredly neither substantive nor adjective was then so constantly in men's mouths as they are now. Let us listen to the words of an English statesman speaking within a few months of the beginning of our period of fifty years. A speech made by Lord John Russell on the sixteenth of January 1838 is not without

I think then that we may fairly set down the slaughter of Anderida, if exceptionally great, as exceptionally great only because there were exceptional opportunities for slaughtering. It is, I repeat, our one recorded example of the fate of a stormed town. But where in other places we see that the walls and buildings of a Roman *chester* underwent the same fate as those of Anderida—when we listen to the gleeman of an after age musing amid the ruins of Aquæ Sulis,¹ when we read the tale of the fall and rising again of Deva, when we look for ourselves on the empty walls of Calleva—we feel that something happened to those cities when Ceawlin and Æthelfrith drew near to them which did not happen when Childeric or Chlodowig drew near to the *civitas Suessionum* or the *civitas Parisiorum*. The Suessiones and the Parisii lived on; they abide still; where are the men of Uriconium and the men of the Icenian Venta? We may be sure that

With the sword's edge
All were smitten;

and it is likely enough that

Wives too and bairns,
Not one was left.

Yet it does not follow that, when men, not heated by the fierce passions of a storm, came to some more peaceful settlement, they may not sometimes have thought that it was worth their while to save alive at least the wives and bairns to work for their profit. It may even be that here and there the men of a Roman *chester*—say of the Colony of Camulodunum or of the old town of Augusta which before, and after too, was called London²—warned by the doom of Anderida and her fellows, may have thought it wise not to stay

To thole
The weight of storming;

¹ See Earle's Anglo-Saxon Literature, 140.

² Ammianus, xxviii. 3. 1; "Ab Augusta profectus, quam veteres appellaverunt Londinium."

they may have bought their lives by some speedy bowing to the invaders; they may even have kept on their being as a town till Englishmen ceased to look on a walled city as a prison. To milder moments like these we may owe the presence among us of some British and even of some Iberian skulls. I never denied it.

But it is going rather too far to argue that no Englishman can have English foremothers of the fifth or sixth century as well as forefathers. At this point the Manchester discourse goes on to say;

"It is equally obvious that invaders who came by sea can hardly have brought their wives and children with them, and must have sought for both wives and slaves in the natives of the island."

It is hard to see against whom this argument is meant to tell; no one that I know of has ever denied that women and slaves were largely spared. Yet it is equally obvious that in some other cases it has been at least believed that invaders who came by sea have brought women with them. Take for instance the case of the Italian Lokroi. There, as every reader of Polybios will remember,¹ nobility went by the mother. The received explanation of this custom was that Lokroi was founded by men of mean birth, who brought with them a number of women of honourable families. I do not insist on this story as historical, though I would not take upon myself positively to deny it; but I certainly conceive that those who are learned in the lore of customs and institutions would find another explanation for this curious bit of primitive law. But tales of this kind, whether true or not as matter of fact, have their value; they point to what is looked on as possible; no one in Lokroi would have seen any absurdity in believing that some at least of the Teutonic settlers brought women with them. I pointed out long ago that the curious legend of Vortigern and Hengest's daughter looks the same way;² there is a crowd of stories in which the invader by sea

¹ Polybios, xii. 5.

² Norman Conquest, i. 18.

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FOUR OXFORD LECTURES

1887

FIFTY YEARS OF EUROPEAN HISTORY

TEUTONIC CONQUEST IN GAUL AND BRITAIN

BY

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P R E F A C E.

OF these four lectures, suggested by recent events, the first two stand quite independent of any of the courses, past and present, spoken of in the preface to my "Chief Periods of European History." They simply set forth the thoughts suggested by the Jubilee year from an historical point of view. The latter part of the second lecture has been somewhat expanded, but only expanded, since its reading in the schools. It was impossible to get all the matter into the time allowed for a single lecture. The second pair of lectures, I may say, have been forced upon me by late discussions. I should have been much better pleased to say nothing more about Teutonic Conquest in Britain till I had reached the subject by the path which I had chalked out. But there has been so much controversy on the matter, I find myself so constantly taken to be the representative of doctrines which neither I nor, as far as I know, anybody else ever maintained, that I was in a manner driven both to speak and to publish. I hope that these two lectures may be taken as a kind of summary beforehand of what I hope to do for the whole subject, if life and strength are spared me.

OXFORD, *February 10th*, 1888.

FIFTY YEARS OF EUROPEAN HISTORY.

TWO LECTURES.

LECTURE I.

(NOVEMBER 3, 1887.)

THE immediate Jubilee fever may be supposed by this time to have passed away; but it may not be useless to take advantage of a point of time which has caused so many to look back, in order to call up some memories of the state of things half a century ago. The point to which we must look back for such a purpose, and the point from which we must look back, may both seem to be purely arbitrary. The fifty years between 1837 and 1887 have been marked by some of the most memorable events in European history; they truly show that our own time is as well worthy of the heed of the historical student as any time that ever went before it. But the period of fifty years, as a period, is not clearly marked off, either at its beginning or at its end, by any of the great turning-points of history. We cannot say that the year 1837 was one of the marked historic years of all time or of our own time. Points a few years before and a few years later have far greater claim to reckon among the epoch-making years. The year 1830 was a memorable year; we might say that 1848 was a yet more memorable year, were it not that 1848 is so clearly a second step in a career in which 1830 was the first step. The events of 1830 were by no means the first revolt against the arrangements of 1814-5; but they were the first great and successful revolt, the first assertion on a great scale of the doctrine that it is not for certain sovereigns or diplomatists to meet together and settle the destinies of nations, but that it was for the nations to settle their

destinies for themselves. The events of 1848 were the fresh assertion of this doctrine on a still greater scale; they were the strivings—strivings for the most part stifled and blighted at the time, but destined to bear fruit in season—after the results which were won in 1859 and 1860, in 1866 and 1871. We cannot say that the year 1837 is marked by any events on at all the same scale as the events either of seven years before or of eleven years after. Yet things are recorded in its annals which look both backward and forward. To refresh my memory as to its story, I looked to the well-known book called *Annals of our Time*. It takes in only the latter half of the year, the months that followed Her Majesty's accession. That is, it starts from the date from which our fifty years must be held to begin. That second half-year of 1837 was a stirring time in Canada, a time not only stirring but specially instructive. It was a stirring time on the Afghan border, a border to which the parochial European mind is less kindly drawn than it is to the fates of the younger France and the younger England in the West. Africa too has its contribution; the wars of France in Algeria were going on. But on the continent of Europe little was recorded, beyond one event, not of the first scale in point of magnitude, but whose significance, as we look either backwards or forwards, is not small. For the entry runs thus; "November 1st. Decree of the King of Hanover, annulling the constitution of 1833."

That entry, and yet more another which follows it in the next month, is of special interest to professors who venture to open their mouths on current affairs. How many of us here are ready, if need be, to share the confessorship of Ewald, Dahlmann, Gervinus, and the brothers Grimm? But over these smaller personal questions we must not tarry. Still the fact that there was, exactly fifty years back, a separate King of Hanover to grant or to annul constitutions, though not one of the facts which stir the general heart of the world, is a fact which is well worth our looking at. It is

still more worth looking at when we remember that, within thirty years from 1837, the line of Electors and Kings of Hanover, not a very long succession, ceased to be. The end of the Hanoverian kingdom was, when it came, part of a memorable change indeed. And for us the most memorable thing about the end of that kingdom was the fact that it took place without leading to any warlike or diplomatic action on the part of the government of Great Britain, without any popular emotion on the part of the people of Great Britain. The days had passed in 1866, they had passed in 1837, when a British minister could tell a British parliament that Hanover ought to be as dear to us as Hampshire. In this way we do get round to a side which after all gives to the beginning of our period somewhat of an epoch-making character. It marks the separation, the final separation as far as events have yet gone, between insular and continental sovereignty. It should not be forgotten that our last William did in one point keep on the traditions of the first. As the first William in England was second in Normandy, so the last, fifth in the insular Normandy, fourth in England, third in Scotland, unluckily only second in Ireland, was also first in the continental dominions of his own house. Each alike of our four Williams held a dominion or a position on the mainland, each of them had something to do with the mainland which went beyond the mere holding of continental posts like Dunkirk, Tangier, or Gibraltar, or of distant islands, like Minorca, Malta, and Cyprus. And, during the long ages between the first William and the fourth, most of the sovereigns of England had held some dominion on the mainland, be it all Normandy, Anjou, and Aquitaine, or only the shrunk-up dominion of Calais and Guînes. And be it remembered again that this last possession of England on the mainland was the only one since the Normandy of Henry the First which could be called a foreign conquest, won by English arms. William of Normandy came on his own errand; Henry of Anjou, William of Orange, and

George of Hanover, came on what we may fairly call the errand of England. They were foreign princes whom England welcomed, but who kept their foreign dominions. Nor must it be forgotten that in the time when Aquitaine had ceased to have, and when Hanover had not begun to have, a common ruler with England, several kings of England held another kingdom within their own island which was as much a separate dominion as Aquitaine or Hanover. International lawyers draw curious distinctions between the position of the man of Aquitaine in one age, the man of Scotland in another, and the man of Hanover in a third. And truly the great facts of geography and language did enforce a wide distinction between Scotland and either Aquitaine or Hanover, while the course of events caused Aquitaine, like the insular Normandy, to be looked on as a dependency of England, a position to which Hanover never fell. Still in all three cases the sovereign of England was sovereign of another land besides England; he was not merely sovereign of lands which he held as dependencies of England, but of lands which he held by a title wholly distinct from that by which he held the English crown.

It is clear at first sight that this state of things has passed away. The Queen of Great Britain reigns in every quarter of the globe, but, whether in her Norman duchy or in her Indian empire, it is as Queen of Great Britain that she reigns. And our present Queen is the first of her own house, she is not far from being the first of all our sovereigns of any house, of whom this could be said. And it is strange how much queens, as opposed to kings, have had to do with the matter. It is literally true that Elizabeth and Victoria are the only sovereigns since Harold, son of Godwine who never held any dominion other than that which came to them by virtue of the crown received at Westminster. And, as Elizabeth, strangely enough, bore the title of Queen of France, we may say that Victoria is the first sovereign of England who has not even claimed any such dominion. We may further add that it was

under Mary that the last relics of Edward the Third's French kingdom passed away, that it was under Anne that the other kingdom within the isle of Britain lost all traces of foreign character. Victoria alone has mounted the throne of the British Islands free from all possessions, from all claims and titles, beside those of her British kingdom and its dependencies. We see then that, after all, the year 1837 is a memorable year, as marking an epoch in the formal relations of the British crown. Our present sovereign mounted her throne as a strictly insular sovereign, insular in a sense in which few of her predecessors had been for eight hundred years, in which none had been since the last queen who reigned before her. This is something in the marking of time; yet it makes the year practically memorable only in a kind of negative way. The most notable thing about this change in the position of the British sovereigns was how little it struck men's minds that it was a change. The separation between Great Britain and Hanover came, without doubt or dispute, as a matter of course, by the ordinary working of the laws of the two countries. It was as peaceful as the like separation of lesser dignities, as when of two peerages held by a single peer, the older barony of North passed to the heir female and the younger earldom of Guilford to the heir male. It took place without calling forth any strong general feeling, save indeed a strong feeling of thankfulness that the laws of Great Britain did not give the crown of Great Britain to the sovereign of Hanover. A few perhaps were unwise enough to regret that the laws of Hanover did not give the crown of Hanover to the sovereign of Great Britain. But the event was not felt as the loss of Normandy, the loss of Aquitaine, or the loss of Calais was felt. The name of Hanover will assuredly not be found written on the heart either of British sovereign or of British subject.

But the negative importance of this separation of the island sovereign from all dominion on the European main-

land becomes tenfold when we think of what might have been but was not. What if the sovereign of Great Britain had also been sovereign of Hanover in the year when the kingdom of Hanover ceased to be? In that case events could hardly have taken exactly the course which they did take. We may be sure that the policy of Victoria the First would not have been exactly the same as the policy of George the Fifth. But whether the connexion between the two crowns had been continued or severed under the new constitution of Germany, either the continuing or the severing must have been marked by acts of war or diplomacy which could not have failed to draw to themselves the deepest attention in this kingdom. We may conceive all manner of possible cases; but in none of them could the people of Great Britain have been indifferent to what was done. As it was, beyond a languid curiosity as to the fate of a foreign king who was also an English duke, men in England cared hardly more for the fall of the kingdom of Hanover than for the fall of the electorate of Hessen. Perhaps, as there were other kingdoms in Germany but no other electorate, the fall of Hessen might call forth the deeper thoughts of the two. And there were minds to which the fall of either kingdom or electorate seemed a small matter beside the suppression of one of the few free cities which still lived on in Europe.

I find myself discussing the events of 1866 before I have well come to those of 1837. But I think we see that 1837 is, after all, an important year, but a year whose importance lies in the negative fact that, if the events of 1837 had been other than they were, the events of 1866 must also have been other than they were. And again I think we see that the indifference to continental dominion, either for the sovereign of Great Britain or for the royal house of Great Britain, which is to be marked both in 1837 and in 1866, is something which would hardly have been possible in any earlier century. It was doubtless partly due to the wise care with which the government of Great

Britain and the government of Hanover had been kept wholly apart, so that the inhabitants of this island were hardly ever reminded that their king was also a king on the mainland. But it was due also, I cannot but think, to a deeper cause. A feeling was growing up which had begun to teach men to place the greatness of our island, of its people and of its sovereign, in something else than either in continental dominion within the bounds of Europe or in any position at all within the bounds of Europe. It is a feeling which, as regards Europe only, we might be tempted to call insular, but which certainly cannot be called insular as regards the world at large. That feeling is one which specially overleaps the bounds of this island, which indeed, in some of its shapes, seems ready, wittingly or unwittingly, to give up many things which have hitherto been looked on as essential to the greatness of this island. It is a feeling which is capable of being turned in two ways, one of which, I venture to think, is the nobler of the two. It may either take the shape of a brotherly delight in the greatness of the English folk, in the expansion of its laws and speech and common being, a delight which overleaps all thoughts of mere political allegiance, whose special source of pride is the growth of an independent England beyond the Western Ocean, and which yearns for the day when that independent England shall have its fellows in the newer lands of the South as well as of the West. Or it may take the shape of delight in mere dominion, dominion which, like brotherhood in the other case, is more prized as it is more distant, a feeling which welcomes a new province of the British crown with as much glee as a new home of the English folk. The feeling which refuses to be pent up within the bounds of this island may take the shape of delight either in the expansion wrought by Washington or in the expansion wrought by Clive. To-day I need not discuss either much further, for, except possibly on one single matter as yet far away, I am to-day called on to speak

importance on this head. He speaks of "empire," but he speaks of it in a rhetorical kind of way, as something vague and distant, not as a name to be taken as glibly on the lips as—I am almost quoting his own words—"a parish or even as a kingdom." And, what is yet more to be noticed, he does not speak of "empire" as anything delightful and desirable, as anything of which to boast or to brag. Lord John says;

"If you will have plantations in every clime, if you will have subjects by millions on opposite sides of the globe, if you will undertake to arrange the affairs of an empire extending over both hemispheres, an empire on which the sun never sets—whether such a determination on your parts be prudent or impolitic, whether its effects be beneficial or detrimental to our highest interests, I will not now stop to enquire."

If it was not the business of Lord John Russell to inquire into that question then, still less is it my business now. For my immediate field to-day lies in Europe only, while Lord John Russell was speaking of a matter which touched every quarter of the globe. And undoubtedly both circumstances and feelings have largely changed during the nine-and-forty years that have passed since Lord John Russell spoke. No one now claims to arrange the affairs of our "plantations"—mark that the statesman of 1838 still uses that good old name, now forgotten; some perhaps are more inclined to call in the plantations to arrange our affairs. Still the feeling of which Lord John Russell spoke, the feeling of British dominion, has assuredly not died out, and I do trust that the higher feeling of English brotherhood has grown up by its side. But I am concerned with either of those feelings—opposing feelings which yet, after all, have a common root—only in so far as the being of either helps to explain the way in which Englishmen looked on the event of 1837. Having thus shown the first year of our period to be negatively memorable, we may use it as a central point from which to look backwards and forwards to years a little earlier and a little later which were memorable in a more positive way. As I before hinted, memorable events

indeed had happened seven years before, and more memorable events still, their immediate fruits, were to happen eleven years later.

The subject which I have undertaken is so large, it is capable of being looked on from so many sides, that it is well to choose one among them for our special, not necessarily for our exclusive, attention. I design therefore to speak mainly of the changes which our fifty years have made in political geography, in the boundaries of states and nations, and of the causes which have immediately led to those changes.* Foreign affairs, wars and treaties and their results, the fall of old powers and the rise of new—perhaps rather the restoration of the truly old at the cost of the truly new—above all, that new birth of nations in which our age has been so fruitful—these must be my main subject. Of the internal affairs of the several powers and nations I shall speak only so far as they have a distinct connexion with events which can be marked upon the map. Many things I must pass by altogether. I must leave to others to speak the panegyric of the last half-century as to its social or its commercial advance, as to the fortunes of literature, science, and art, as to the religious and ecclesiastical movements which have so largely marked the time. My business is to comment on the map of Europe, the map of Europe as it stood in 1837 and the map of Europe as it stands in 1887. The map of Europe in any age I have always found a stirring subject, and assuredly there has been no time since the breaking up of the Carolingian dominion, since the partition of Rumania by apostate crusaders, when that map supplies a more stirring subject than is supplied by the half-century which takes in the whole lives of many of us, the whole active lives of most of us. When we look at the map, we see that our own age has not been empty in great events, that it has been an age which on the whole has gone forward and not backward, except so far as it is commonly hard to go forward except by in some sort going backward. Look specially at the central peninsula, at the

central mainland, above all at the south-eastern corner. The next half-century will have much to do which the last half-century has left undone. It will have something to undo which the last half-century has done. But on the whole the domain of right has been widened, the domain of wrong has been cut short. With some drawbacks, the record of our age is on the whole a good one. It may be left for the twentieth century—may it still be for the last years of the nineteenth—to wipe out the great day of shame and sorrow which marks the fifteenth. But those years of the nineteenth century with which we are concerned have at least gone far to undo the wrongs of the fourteenth century. If the New Rome still weeps in bondage, we have at least seen Nikopolis and Kossovo avenged.

In 1837 the geographical arrangements of Europe remained for the most part in the same state in which they had been fixed by the treaties which ended the wars of the French Revolution. Whatever we think of those arrangements, they were in themselves revolutionary, and in the nature of things they could not be otherwise. In no land which had been touched by the events which followed the year 1789 could it have been possible to restore, even if any one had really wished to restore, the state of things which was before 1789. This truth is obvious; it will hardly be disputed; yet it is needful to insist on it, because there was at the time, and there possibly is still, a certain disposition to look on the arrangements against which men arose in 1830 and in 1848 as an old-established state of things, as a venerable and conservative state of things, against which mere reckless revolutionary innovators arose. And such in truth those who arose against them showed themselves in many things. But they were not a whit more reckless, not a whit more revolutionary, than the princes against whose work they rose. There could be none of the real charm of antiquity about a system which in the first of the two years spoken of had lived only fifteen years and in the second had lived only

thirty-three. But, if that system could boast of no antiquity, it did contrive to put on a certain outward garb of authority. The creations of princes do somehow come to look venerable in men's eyes sooner than the creations of the nations. The Holy Alliance had a very solemn look; it was young, but it had that air of preternatural age, wisdom, and virtue, which sometimes comes early in life. And we may be sure that the success of the great Austrian imposture had something to do with the general success of the system of which that imposture formed a leading part. Mankind would hardly have endured that a mere Count of Tyrol, a mere King of Hungary, even a mere Duke of Austria, should seize again on Milan and on Venice. In one who still bore the title which he had cast aside and the blazonry to which he had ceased to have a right, the ugliness of the thing was somewhat veiled. Equally innovating, equally revolutionary, was a Duke of Savoy reigning at Genoa, a King of Prussia reigning at Köln and Aachen, a King of Bavaria playing the dragon of Wantley on both sides of the Rhine. To princes working their unrestrained will houses and churches were indeed geese and turkeys; free cities and sovereign bishoprics were alike a convenient prey. Perhaps we need not weep that a Bishop of Würzburg, Duke of the Eastern Francia, no longer bears the sword as well as the crosier; but we may surely weep that the once free imperial city of Nürnberg is not allowed to keep at least that measure of freedom which still belongs to Lübeck, Bremen, and Hamburg. All these things were surely as truly revolutionary innovations as any change which the Corsican "*stupor mundi et immutator mirabilis*" had wrought before them; they were as truly revolutionary as any change which the men of 1848 or of 1860 wrought or strove to work after them. The princes, after all, did only like other men; they respected antiquity, they were moved by traditional sentiment, whenever so to be moved suited their purpose. They trampled all under foot when anti-

quity and tradition stood in their way. They took care to restore the Pope, the kings, the dukes; they forgot to restore the commonwealths. The next set of innovators and revolutionists strove to restore the commonwealths and to get rid of the kings and dukes. Each did after its kind; but one was no more revolutionary than the other. The men who in 1848 proclaimed the restoration of a Venetian commonwealth which many could remember could hardly be charged with innovation by the votaries of an empire of Austria of which a greater number still had seen the birth. Those who proclaimed a commonwealth of Rome fell back on memories yet more ancient, so much more ancient that they might seem to have ceased to be practical. The mere attempt to call into being things and names which have passed away for ages is of all things the most unreal. Yet we may relax a little when we remember that many of us have known in this place one who has played no small part in Roman and Sicilian history, one of a triumvirate which did not reign by proscription, one who, among many proconsuls, prancing and otherwise, has been, since Quintus Fabius and Marcus Minucius in one memorable year, the only man in the world's history who ever led a following with *pro dictatore* as his style and title.

The pro-dictatorship of Aurelio Saffi, like the dictatorship of Giuseppe Garibaldi, belongs to a stage of our subject somewhat later than that which we have now reached. And when we come to them, they may to some seem strange and revolutionary. But surely neither name nor thing was so new, so strange, so revolutionary, as some things which to many minds have seemed venerable and even ancient. The world had seen two pro-dictators before Aurelio Saffi; it had never seen an Emperor of the French before Napoleon Buonaparte; it had never seen an Emperor of Austria before that Francis who laid aside what he perhaps did not know to be the highest place on earth. The French invention was new; the Austrian imitation was

newer. The invention showed at least a certain boldness of original conception; the imitation, well as the imposture has worked for its own purposes, was in the beginning mere servile copying. So too a King of Italy at least calls up more venerable thoughts than a King of Prussia or of Würtemberg. In plain truth, in making the arrangements of 1815 one upstart system passed away to make room for another. Mind, I again repeat, it could not be otherwise; in revolutionary times men must be revolutionists; the princes who mapped out Europe in 1814 and 1815 have much to answer for; that they represented a new state of things and not an old one was not their fault. All I ask is that the men who arose against a very modern state of things shall at least not be charged with trampling immemorial antiquity under foot.

In the change between the Europe of 1815 and the Europe of our own day we mark six chief periods, one earlier than the beginning of our own half-century, the rest later. 1830, 1848, 1859-1860, 1866, 1870-1871, and 1878, are the times which before all others have changed the world in which I was born and which I can dimly remember into the world in which we are now living. Of these years, 1830 comes before our artificial beginning, but in 1830 men stretched out their hands to feel after the events of 1848 and even after the events of 1860 and 1870. In 1830 then the arrangements of 1814-1815 were still in force. Between 1815 and 1830 there had been, specially in southern Europe, not a few internal movements against the system which had been forced upon the nations; but it was in the south-eastern lands alone that there had been any actual change of boundary. It was something that the changes that had been made were of the happiest. Greece had won her independence; her boundary, her dynasty, her constitution, were still uncertain, but it was at least agreed that some part or other of the Greek lands should be set free. *Dimidium facti qui caput habet*. It was at last admitted, not much

to the liking of princes and diplomatists, that lands and nations might be set free from the yoke of one despot, without being necessarily handed over to the keeping of another. The deliverance of Greece, more truly of a small piece of Greece, was the beginning of the better state of things in which we live. Alongside of that great turning-point in the history of the right and freedom of nations, we may leave to powers and their representatives the discussion of certain small transfers at the mouth of the Danube which have been unmade and made again two or three times since, and which specially need to be unmade and made again once more.

In the rest of Europe the boundaries of 1815 remained in 1830, and, with one more exception, the boundaries of 1830 remained in 1837. In the Scandinavian peninsula things remained as they were and as they remain still; Sweden and Norway were then, as now, separate kingdoms under a single king; Finland had passed away, to keep, under the Russian Tzar as its Grand Duke, the old political institutions of the Swedish realm from which it had been parted, and to keep them, as later years have shown, longer than the Swedish realm itself. The Danish king was still duke of duchies on each side of that Eider which, once "*Romani terminus imperii*," still kept its place as parting Sleswick, no part of the German Confederation, from Holstein and Lauenburg, duchies within its bounds. The position of a prince, part of whose dominions lay within and part without the bounds of the Confederation, was then shared by the King of Denmark with the Kings of Hungary, Prussia, the Netherlands, and Great Britain. In the case of Great Britain the fact that that relation came to an end in 1837 was the starting-point of our discourse; but we may again stop to mark the practical difference of that relation in the case of an island sovereign and of a sovereign whose dominions held in one character lay adjacent to those which he held in the other. The King of Great Britain and the King of Hanover were practically

two distinct persons; but the King of Prussia and the Margrave of Brandenburg, the King of Denmark and the Duke of Holstein, the King of Hungary and the Archduke of Austria, were in each case very conspicuously the same person, and many of the chief events of our later story came of the fact that they were in each case the same person. Still Germany had after all some feeble approach to national unity; lax as the federal bond was, it did at least assert the existence of some nearer tie between German and German than there was between the German and the man of other nations. Italy had not even reached this small measure of unity. It was still a geographical expression and nothing more. A younger generation, used to an Italian kingdom stretching from Como to Syracuse and taking its place among the great powers of Europe, may find it hard to throw itself into the state and the feelings of the days when Italy was still split up into petty despotisms, despotisms not even bound together by the lax tie which united the states of Germany, and each of them maintained against the will of its people by the brute force of the stranger. And the thought that things ever could be otherwise was mocked at by the wise men of that day exactly as the thought that things may some day be otherwise than they are in other lands is mocked at by the wise men of our own day. The Austrian still reigned over Venice and Milan, and I can well remember a sage in the *Quarterly Review* proving to the satisfaction of all practical politicians that no one else ever could or ever ought to reign there in his stead. Such memories as this may be some little comfort when we hear later sages proving no less to demonstration that none but the Turk ever can or ever ought to reign in Constantinople. To the west of the Austrian intruder, the House of Savoy reigned on both sides of the Alps, in its own Burgundian cradle, no less than over Piedmont, Montferrat, Nizza, Genoa, and the island from which it took its highest title. Not yet the model state of Italy in the sense in which it became in

after days, it was already in some sort the hope of Italy, the one Italian land—tiny Monaco was hardly a land—ruled by an Italian princely house. The rest of Italy was parted out between the Dukes—an Austrian here, a Bourbon there—the Roman Bishop with his dominions stretching from Ravenna to Terracina, and the Sicilian kingdoms, still the spoil of a Spanish Bourbon. In 1830, in 1837, all that was left of the brighter days of Italy was the small survival of freedom which the despots still allowed to live on in harmless San Marino. Germany, ruled by native princes, keeping some forms of national unity, and with the freedom of old times still spared in four of her cities, was at least a fairer sight than this.

The movements of 1830 made but one direct change in the map, but some other changes which came of them might be thought to go beyond mere changes in internal government. The map of Europe in 1837 contained one European state which had no being in the map of 1830. The parting asunder of Belgium from the kingdom of the Netherlands was as direct a blow to the supposed eternal arrangements of 1815 as the union of the Rouman principalities, the later union of the Bulgarian principalities, have been to later arrangements which were meant to be no less eternal. In all three cases alike the nations rose to undo the work of despots and diplomatists, whose bidding the nations cast aside as having no right over them but the right of the stronger. But the Belgian movement which changed the map was but the second act of the French movement which left the map as it was. And yet may we not say that the map was changed? When France gave again to the king whom she chose the older style of his predecessors, when the "*Rex Francorum*" of old again supplanted the later "*Rex Franciæ et Navarræ*," the restoration of the ancient title, the title that bespoke chieftainship of the people and not mere lordship of the soil, was looked on by not a few as a wicked revolutionary innovation. And revolutionary enough it was; wicked from their point of view it might be; an

innovation at least it was not. Only, if we indulge in a truly microscopic accuracy, it might be called a geographical change when a king, no less than an emperor or a commonwealth, ruled over the little scrap of Spain north of the Pyrenees without taking therefrom any addition to his titles of kingship. France was clearly enlarged when Navarre was wholly merged in it¹. But *de minimis non curat lex*; and it might be thought an equally microscopic fact that, as one of the fruits of the same movement, the canton of Basel became the two half-cantons of Baselstadt and Baseland. The French, the Belgian, and the Swiss movements were all parts of the same stir, all forerunners of greater stirs to come; but the general geography of Europe knows only that turning about of things by which those provinces of the Netherlands which were once specially known as "obedient" set the first great example of disobedience to the will of Europe, and refused the king whom Europe had set over them. The point of view which a patriotic Fleming or Walloon would take at the moment was clear enough; yet, from a wider European point of view, we may be allowed to ask whether it might not have been better if two kindred nations could have contrived to live together, and to keep a stronger barrier than there now is at the point where a barrier power is most needed. All these attempts at putting a barrier between the great Romance and the great Teutonic power, the neutrality of Belgium, the neutrality of Savoy, the neutrality of Switzerland, the neutrality of Luxemburg, the neutrality of Elsass-Lothringen of which some whispers have been heard more lately, have all been only partial strivings in the direction of that

¹ The greater part of Navarre had, I need hardly say, been held by the Spanish kings from Ferdinand the Catholic onwards. Henry the Fourth of France, as King of Navarre, actually held only the small part of that kingdom which lay north of the Pyrenees. He changed the old style of "Rex Francorum" into "Rex Franciæ et Navarræ," which of course implies that Navarre is something distinct from France. In 1791, and again in 1830, the old style of the kings was restored, a style which implies that Navarre is merged in France, as the French part of it certainly is.

Middle Kingdom the last real hope of which died out with Charles of Burgundy, but after which some statesmen are said to have yearned even in the eighteenth century. And yet, if a Middle Kingdom could be again called into being by a word, it would be but an artificial creation to meet a political need. Some members of the Romance and some of the Teutonic people would have to consent to sacrifice themselves for their brethren, and to agree to dwell together how they might, in order to keep the greater masses of their several nations from clashing in endless rivalry. The experience of Switzerland shows that an artificial nation may, under favourable circumstances, grow up out of elements differing in race and speech, but it may be doubted whether the will of a diplomatic congress could secure to a power called into being to serve a special purpose any longer life than fell to the lot of the dominion of the Burgundian Valois, or to the creation of diplomacy which fell asunder in 1830.

Let us now turn to another side of Europe, where another Middle Kingdom more lately stood in the gap between rival and threatening powers. If Europe once had its Burgundy in the West, it had in far more recent times its Poland in the East. Burgundy, we may say, fell to pieces of itself; Poland was artificially cut in pieces, hardly to the lasting advantage of the rulers who were enriched by its spoils. In our view to be sure the three partitions are things which have passed away no less than the Lithuanian dominions of Gedymin and Witold; but the kingdom of Poland formed in 1815 was still in being in 1830; all but its name had passed away before 1837. The map can hardly be said to be changed; the words "Kingdom of Poland" ought in strictness still to be there; but they have lost even the little survival of meaning which they kept in 1830. And here we may ask a question, we may throw out a subject for some of our historical essayists or historical debaters. Within a few years the despotic princes of Russia added to their own

realm two states, both of which alike were to be joined to the Russian crown by a lasting personal union, but were to remain wholly distinct from the Russian empire in their laws and administration. The duchy of Finland, won in warfare, kept its old constitution; the kingdom of Poland, created by diplomacy, received a new constitution. In both alike, as Grand Duke and as King, the despotic Emperor submitted his will to rules of law which were unheard of in his empire. Why, we may ask, did this singular kind of union succeed in Finland, while it so lamentably failed in Poland? Finland has had no complaints to make against its Russian grand dukes; Poland has had every complaint to make against its Russian kings. What are the causes of this remarkable difference in two cases which have so much in common? Some causes seem, at first sight at least, to lie on the surface; others may perhaps lie deeper; I will not enlarge on either, as I wish to throw the subject out for the examination of others.¹ I have only to make my first summary, to show the first picture of my series. I have to set forth the Europe of 1837 as still the Europe of 1830, the Europe of 1815, changed in its spirit, seeking to be other than it is. It has seen political changes of no small moment in many lands, but the map of Europe is not perceptibly changed, save where a kingdom of Greece and a kingdom of Belgium have come

¹ I will add thus much, speaking no longer *ex cathedra*. The relation of both Poland and Finland to Russia was strictly the relation of *Home Rule*, that is, the relation of a dependency which manages its own internal affairs. It is essential to the nature of Home Rule that it should be the relation of a dependency; an union on any terms between two or more equal states is something else and not Home Rule. Without going into the causes why Home Rule succeeded in Finland and failed in Poland, the fact that it has done so proves that Home Rule is like any other political relation, that it may succeed in one case and fail in another. Therefore, to turn for a moment to immediate controversies, to argue that, owing to some special circumstances, Home Rule is likely to fail in some particular case, is a reasonable argument, capable perhaps of being met by reasonable arguments the other way. But to declaim against Home Rule as something new or absurd in itself is to fly in the face of history; and to call Home Rule a "disintegration of the empire" is like all other talk about "empire" and "disintegration."

into being, and where Greece might envy Belgium the king whom a brighter fate had once seemed to offer to herself.

From 1837 we might spring with a light bound to 1848, as far as the general look of the map of Europe is concerned. But in the meanwhile one change had taken place, small in geographical extent, but deep in moral significance. The short list of European commonwealths was made shorter still to enlarge the dominions of a despot. The last feeble relic of an independent nation was wiped out to swell the power that lives by trampling the rights of nations underfoot. As long as the commonwealth of Cracow was allowed to keep any shadow of freedom, a man of Polish birth might stand in his ancient capital, by the tombs of his ancient kings, and not feel himself altogether the bondman of a stranger. From 1846 onward that small measure of national memory and national hope has no longer been allowed. Of the three spoilers of the Polish land, the city which still represented its being was again handed over to that one whose share in the spoliation admitted of the least excuse. The last fragment of free Poland was given to the power which owed its very being to Polish help; Cracow went the way of Venice and Milan, of Cattaro and Ragusa, to enlarge the family estate of the House of Habsburg and Lorraine. Look we on for two years longer, and the whole world seems ablaze. Again a riot in Paris has been accepted as a revolution in France, and a revolution in France has been enough to stir all Europe to its depths. In 1848 and 1849 the map of Europe was indeed changed. Then at last the thoughts of thirty years, the livelier thoughts of eighteen years, seemed for a while to have become deeds. Then indeed,

"Amid the roar of liberated Rome,
Of nations freed, and a world overjoyed,"

we seemed to see a new estate of brighter things rise up out of the darkness of bondage. United Germany, free Italy, an Italy of the type of her two times of glory, showed themselves, if only as a glimpse given of what

might be. We might forget the wrongs of Ragusa and of Cracow when there was once more a commonwealth of Venice and a commonwealth of Rome. The one kingly house of Italian birth leaped at once to its true position as the champion-stock of Italy; Piedmont entered on her glorious mission; she bore the brunt of the battle in the north; in the south, when Sicily had again driven forth the stranger, she gave the delivered island a king of her own choice to fill the empty throne of the Rogers, the Williams, and the Fredericks. And how fared the King of Lombardy and Venice, the King of Galicia and Lodomeria, the King of Bohemia and Illyria, the King of Hungary, Croatia, and Dalmatia? It is enough to reckon up the kingdoms of that

πολλῶν ὀνομάτων μορφὴ μία;

to tell the whole tale of duchies, counties, and lordships, the time would fail us. We need not stoop to reckonings merely personal; if not Amurath to Amurath, yet Ferdinand succeeds to Francis and Francis to Ferdinand. Let those whose memories do not go back to those stirring years strive to press deep into their minds the events of days when the chief of the House of Habsburg and Lorraine, cast forth by the German and the Magyar, disowned at Vienna, disowned at Budapest, was brought back by the swords of the Slave and the Rouman, to reign over conquered Hungary and Austria by the grace of Nicolas of Russia and Jellačić of Croatia. Things have so greatly changed in eight-and-thirty years that it seems harder to call back the great events which we ourselves heard of as the morning's news than to spell out the events of distant ages in the chronicle or on the graven stone. And to remember that all passed away like a dream, that the movement of 1848 left no trace whatever on the European map, that the commonwealths sank again into the earth, that the despots came back to their thrones, that once more

"Kingdoms had shrunk to provinces, and chains
Clanked over sceptred cities."

Venico, Verona, Milan, passed again under the yoke; the

new commonwealth of France lent itself to overthrow the new commonwealth of Rome; central Italy again became the realm of a shepherd who needed foreign bayonets to guard him against his flock; Sicily had again to exchange the Savoyard of her choice for the Bourbon of her loathing. Order, in the despot's sense, reigned in Italy; only in the one happier corner, schooling himself for the high calling that destiny had laid upon him, King Honest-Man cast aside all the arts of all the tempters; and, while he lived and reigned, Italy had hope.

The events of 1848 and 1849 mainly touched central Europe. To be sure the most central land of all seized the happy opportunity; while the thoughts of the despots were turned elsewhere, to reproduce on modern European soil those wise models of the true federal system which had as yet been seen only in far distant ages or in a far distant continent. Switzerland had her local revolutions in 1830; she had her civil war in 1847; she learned her lesson, and in 1848 she placed herself, as a political creation, as a political study, alongside of ancient Lykia and younger America. Thus the specially revolutionary years, 1789 and 1848, have in the federal lands of either hemisphere a memory opposite to revolutionary, unless revolution it be to put an end to chaos and call order into being. At the extreme ends of Europe, western, eastern, northern, the year was not specially marked. There may very likely have been a Spanish revolution or two, or a war of a disputed succession; but to keep count of Spanish revolutions and Spanish civil wars you must needs have a special Spanish professor. I can only look at the map, and see that there is no visible change. But it must be borne in mind that there was one kingdom whose king did not wait to be compelled by revolution to grant freedom to his people. The one lawful despot in Europe, despot by the grant of the nation, Frederick the Seventh of Denmark, granted his people a constitution as the first act of his reign, before stirs in France and earlier stirs in Sicily had

begun to frighten his brother kings elsewhere. Dare I say a word on the relations between the Danish crown and the duchies which have since passed away from its wearers? As for the legal aspect of the case, I once went through no small amount of reading on that subject; but I confess that I found the geographical fact of the Eider and the pentameter verse which I have already quoted a good deal easier to a plain understanding than the genealogical subtleties of the royal and ducal lines. But one broader political lesson may perhaps be drawn. When the feeling of nationality is once aroused, a minority of one race and speech placed alongside of a majority of another will often feel less dissatisfaction under a common despotism which presses equally on all than under a parliamentary union which brings freedom and its blessings to one side, but which can hardly be said to extend them to the side which is of necessity always outvoted. I will not further press the argument, which is indeed capable of application in more ways than one.

Thus far I have been dealing wholly with the affairs of other nations. The British islands, like the Scandinavian peninsula, had contributed but little in any way, absolutely nothing in the way of geographical change, to the history of Europe during nine and thirty years. Since the beginning of our special half-century, we played for seventeen years no part whatever in the stirring events of the time. We have plenty to record within our own shores, little or nothing in the general history of Europe. With the year 1854 things suddenly and strangely changed. Then, for the first time since the end of the wars of the French Revolution, we find Great Britain engaged, in close brotherhood with the new ruler of France, the representative of the old enemy, helping him in warfare against a sovereign and a people which had assuredly done no wrong either to France or to Great Britain. Whether it was right and holy that Christian blood should be shed by Christian hands for no cause but to keep down the yoke of the

misbeliever upon unwilling Christian nations, judge ye. The thing at least was strange, it was at least new; one might venture to call it revolutionary. And to the historic mind, the soil which was chosen as the seat of this amazing warfare, the soil on which the men of France and of Britain fought with the Turk as their ally, might seem strange indeed. The land of Crim, the old Tauric Chersonêsos, the last dwelling-place of so many things that were venerable and noble, the last home of the free Greek and the free Goth, the last remnant of European soil that clave to the rule of Rome transplanted,¹ became the seat of warfare waged to prolong the rule of the barbarian in Christian lands. Then, strange as the sight would have seemed in earlier days, the cross of Saint George and the crescent of Antichrist floated side by side over the ruins of the last of Hellenic commonwealths. Some, I believe, there still are, who look on the warfare of those years as a worthy work, *τοιαύτην ἀνδραγαθίην νομίζοντες*. And what was the issue? A slight change truly on the map of Europe; the frontier between Russia and Moldavia was kept away from the Danube. But more than this, the wisdom of Europe in 1856 devised some other provisions which were to be as eternal and unchangeable as the provisions of 1815. One of those eternal provisions had been that none of the house of Buonaparte should ever sit on the throne of France. A witness before all things to the vanity of such provisions, a ruler of the house of Buonaparte was foremost in decreeing the ordinances which were again to be for everlasting. Alas for the eternity of despots and diplomatists; their everlasting lasts only till the nations feel their strength and march on to undo the work to which they

¹ It should not be forgotten that the last Greek commonwealth was that of Cherson, that the last fragment of Roman power in the East was the "Peraia" held by the Trapezuntine Emperors in the Tauric Chersonêsos. The geography of those parts is greatly confused by the absurd nomenclature of modern Russia. The old names have been revived, but they have been moved to new places. Thus modern Cherson has nothing to do with old Cherson, which is represented by Sebastopol.

never gave the sanction of their will. The wisdom of Europe guaranteed the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire; that is, translating the jargon of diplomacy into the language of fact, it decreed that not an inch of Christian soil should ever be set free from its barbarian masters. Such was the wisdom of the wise, the counsel of princes and their envoys. The nations have judged otherwise. Look at the south-eastern Europe which the wisdom of 1856 would have kept for ever, and look at the south-eastern Europe that is now.

Truly the arrangements of 1856 were made only to follow the arrangements of 1815; the wisdom of Paris was to go the way of the wisdom of Vienna. But we have not yet to deal with the process by which right and freedom won their victory over the second set of European arrangements. We have not as yet wholly done with the first. In 1856 a large part of the arrangements of 1815, upset for a moment in 1848, lived on still. The two touched different parts of Europe. 1815 had dealt mainly with the central lands and the central peninsula; it was the south-eastern lands for whose bondage Europe provided in 1856. In our present story the south-eastern lands have as yet come before us only for a moment. The main interest still gathers round the central lands, round Germany and Italy, the one striving for fuller national unity, the other striving after some national being in any shape. The next great events of our half-century, events which did indeed change the map of Europe, are those which gave birth to a free Italian kingdom. These are the events of 1859 and 1860, by which the European settlement of 1815 was finally got rid of in the central peninsula of Europe. Those events, events which form altogether the brightest side of our tale of fifty years, will make the opening subject of my second lecture.

LECTURE II.

(NOVEMBER 10, 1887.)

A WEEK back we traced the events of the first nineteen years of that half-century of which, in its relations to the map of Europe, I have now undertaken to speak. We traced at least certain classes of its events with which alone my subject was immediately concerned. But in dealing with the events of those nineteen years, we have had to look back to a time before the beginning of those nineteen years. We have had often to cast an eye to 1830, sometimes to 1815. For in truth down to 1859 the main features of 1815, above all as regarded boundaries, were still in being and in full force. The system had indeed received some rude shocks. It was, as we have already marked, the French movement of 1830 which led to the European movement of 1848. In Germany and Italy the movement of 1848 seemed, as far as outward appearance went, to have passed away without fruits; things had come back as they were before the rising. Better things to come were indeed foreshadowed in the position of constitutional Piedmont, and even in the fact that a French garrison was needed in Rome. But these things were merely signs of the future. The disposition of power, the extent of the dominions of each power, were still essentially the same in 1859 as they had been settled in 1815. The great powers of Europe were still Russia, Prussia, and Austria, the three which then were oddly called *Northern*, and the powers of the West, France and Great Britain. There was still the German Confederation, with the Austrian as its President and the Hohenzollern as his rival. But again a change which made no change in boundaries, another change in the internal government of France, had given a new aspect to the face of Europe. I have already pointed out, perhaps

somewhat casually, the importance of the mere fact that a Buonaparte reigned in France as a sign that the arrangements on which the very being of Europe had been held to depend had largely given way. In France, as elsewhere, the immediate work of 1848 soon passed away; but it did not, as in so many other lands, pass away through foreign interference. Its passing away moreover did not take the shape of a restoration of the state of things that was before 1848. The commonwealth of France, the commonwealth that slew her Roman sister, was overthrown by the conspiracy of its own chief, and there came again, not the kingship of either branch of Bourbon, but the revived empire of Buonaparte. That empire, the empire which was declared to be embodied peace, was mainly marked by three great wars, each of which changed the face of Europe, the second and third of which changed it very largely. Of the first of these wars, the war of Crimea, I have already said somewhat; but the wars of 1854, of 1859, and of 1870, may, from one point of view, be grouped together. It would seem that the new ruler of France, doubtful of his position among princes, was minded to make his place among them better acknowledged by attacking the great military powers in succession, and that in each case he strove to colour his purpose by entangling some free people to join his alliance. In the first case this policy fully succeeded; in the second it succeeded only partially; in the third it failed altogether. The ruler of France attacked in turn Russia, Austria, and Prussia. He coloured the first attempt by an alliance with England; he coloured the second by an alliance with Piedmont; he hoped, but hoped in vain, to colour the third by the alliance of some of the other German states. Part of his declared mission was to avenge Waterloo, and perhaps he could not have avenged Waterloo so thoroughly by any defeat of the British power in the field as he avenged it by entangling Great Britain into an alliance with himself, an alliance in which she was made his tool in the first of his schemes of aggression. Those

schemes succeeded; no territory was won, because no territory was sought for; but what was sought for was won, European position, military fame, the humbling of one of the great despotisms in concert with a free people, with two free peoples rather, as we must not forget that Piedmont also sent her contingent to the army that had gone to the help of the Turk. And if it be lawful to admire a mere stroke of cunning policy, apart from all thought of the right and wrong of a cause, perhaps no such stroke ever better deserved to be admired than that which sent the contingent of Piedmont to the help of the Turk. It was shown how Italians could fight; the sub-Alpine kingdom made its European position at a stroke, and it established a claim on two European powers at the risk of very little danger from the third which was made an enemy. No small step towards the making of Italy was taken by the banks of the Tchernaja. How much had been gained was shown when the second act of the drama came to be played, when Austria was to be attacked with Piedmont as an ally, an ally who, it was hoped, might also become an useful tool. The plan of the master of France was to use the one free Italian state to win glory and territory for France without winning freedom for Italy. But the one free Italian state was too many for the plotter. When Piedmont rose, Italy followed. The tyrant found, to his amazement, that he had called a nation into life. Pledged to free Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic, he found it convenient to draw back at the Mincio, and to leave Verona and Venice to his fellow-despot. Some talk about Italian confederation followed, as if designed, like some later talk which plays with the same word, to bring the work of Aratos and Washington into disrepute. It may indeed be that some more reasonably planned Italian confederation might have been the right thing for Italy. But Italy could have nothing to say to a confederation of which the Austrian and the Pope were to be members. The name of confederation, coming as the last shift of a baffled tyrant, naturally stank in their

nostrils, and Italy rose to life and freedom in the shape of an united kingdom.

The ruler of France went back to France decked with the laurels of Magenta and Solferino, and enriched with the more solid plunder of Savoy and Nizza. He had done half a day's work, and he had taken the pay for two days. Verona and Venice could bear witness that he had broken his word; but then all France could bear witness that he had broken a promise far more solemn. "I will free Italy from the Alps to the Hadriatic" was a pledge in no way more binding than the earlier pledge, "I will be faithful to the democratic commonwealth." It would be instructive if some developement of science could enable us to look into the heart of a despot; it would even be something if we could see two despots, like two augurs, when they meet face to face with no honest man to look on them. How did those two look who met at Villafranca and shut the door on him who was before all things the Honest Man? We plain folk know only the result; from the Mincio to the Hadriatic Italy was not set free. As for Savoy, let us stop and think a little. The wrath and scorn which were stirred in all honest hearts at the annexation of that land by France was natural and righteous, but it was a little out of place. When we stand by the lake of Bourget, when we cross to the tombs at Hautecombe, the sentimental feeling overcomes us. It gives us a turn to think that a Duke of Savoy should have bartered away the cradle of his house, even though some provision was made on behalf of the tombs of his fathers. Put the solid wrong lay in another quarter. If we leave the lake of Bourget to look out from the free land of Vaud over the greater lake of Lemman, it is with a kind of fear that we see the mountains on the other shore, the neutral shore whose neutrality was to be one of the feeble guaranties of European peace, no longer Bernese, no longer Savoyard, but gone to swell the might, sometimes of a Parisian empire, sometimes of a Parisian commonwealth. Yet more,

let us stand on any point of the soil of the canton of Geneva, and we look up at the heights, French heights on either side, with a distinct feeling of being in prison. Here is the real wrong; Savoy was not an Italian land; its separation was, except as the loss of a recruiting-ground for stout fighting-men, no loss to Italy. The speech of Savoy is not Italian; we can hardly say that its history was Italian. A land of the Middle Kingdom, a land whose head was neither at Paris nor at Milan but at Arles, its princes had, in various ways, won dominion on both sides of the Alps, and they had in the course of ages been constantly losing territory on the Burgundian side and gaining it on the Italian side. Savoy itself only followed the same law by which Vaud and Bresse and Bugey had already passed away from its dukes. We assuredly do not mourn that those dukes no longer reign in Vaud, that they no longer threaten Geneva, and there is no special reason for mourning that they no longer reign over Bresse and Bugey or over the land from which they first sprang. As far as France and Italy are concerned, there is no greater wrong in France annexing Chambéry and Annécy than there is in its annexing Aix and Grenoble. We might like to have the Middle Kingdom again; but, as far as France and Italy are concerned, the absence of a King crowned at Arles, the presence of a power that rules from Paris, is no greater wrong or danger in Savoy than it is in Provence or in the Dauphiny. Only the presence of the power that rules from Paris, whether it calls itself kingdom, empire, or republic, is, when it is fixed at Annécy and Chambéry, dangerous in a way in which it is not dangerous when it is fixed only at Aix and Grenoble. The wrong of the transfer of Savoy lay in the danger which it involved to a higher freedom than that of either Rome or Paris. The annexation of that land by France was a grievous wrong to the whole of the Confederate lands, it was a special wrong to those cantons whose very life and breath seems threatened. We may indeed wish that the Bear had kept his paw in the sixteenth

century on Chablais and Faucigny as well as on Vaud and Lausanne. His rule might have been for a while a hard one; the subjects of an oligarchy might possibly sometimes envy the subjects of a duke; but the rule of Bern might here too have been the schoolmaster to guide its subjects to better things than all. Better than membership of an Italian kingdom, better than membership of a French commonwealth, better even than membership of a kingdom whose king should wear the crown of Boso, would it have been if the whole land of Savoy, or at the very least its neutral districts, had been promoted to form parts of that free Confederation which is now the worthiest representative of Boso's kingdom.

And what of the Ligurian Nikaia? The old Greek town, which had through all ages kept somewhat of a separate being, which had ceased to be, first Greek and then Burgundian, but which had never become either French or Italian, might surely have been allowed to live on as a free city, of more account in Europe than the neighbouring principality which was allowed to live. Yet Monaco, Monoikos, the lonely house, which had once been Greek like Nikaia, still keeps its memories as the last outpost of the Western Hellas towards those Italian lands where neither Canaan nor Hellas could find a home. Free Nizza was not to be, and of that it came that the two noblest souls in Europe alike became men without a city, *ἀπόλιες ἄνδρες*, who could free the homes of others, but who could win no freedom for the spots of their own birth. Kanarês could deliver Greece; Garibaldi could deliver Italy; but Psará—the reward no doubt of its unequalled heroism—was left by the wisdom of Europe in Turkish bondage; and Nizza, which sent forth the later hero, but which did not, like Psará, share in his deeds, was doomed to remain no longer a city of the kingdom which its own son had founded. We are drawing nearer to our own times; many whose memories do not go back to the first career of Garibaldi can well bear in mind the second. The defence of Rome is but a tale

written in a chronicle to many to whom the last deliverance of the Sicilies is a living thing. Those were days no less stirring than the days of the first outburst twelve years before. Italy again rose for freedom; but mark the change in the form of freedom for which she rose. Mark what had been wrought by the twelve years' life of one Italian state to which all Italy might look as a sign of what Italy might be. Men no longer looked back to the old local political life of Italy; they no longer called for a commonwealth of Rome or a commonwealth of Milan, names which might indeed stir the soul, but which had found it no easy task to keep on their being in a world of big battalions. Every day some stranger duke was cast down from his throne, or some new province fell away from the rule of the native shepherd who, resting on the arms of strangers, had made himself a stranger. But none asked for such isolated forms of freedom as men had sought in 1848. This time sceptred cities might cease to be sceptred without feeling chains clank over them. Capitals of independent states could now willingly sink to be mere heads of provinces. The wish on every heart, the vote on every lip, asked for union with the constitutional kingdom of Victor Emmanuel. Every state, every city, joined in the glad procession, save in those lands where the promised deliverer of Italy was able to work his undisputed will. Little had he dreamed what was to come when he enticed one Italian state to his side. He could not leave all in bondage; he could not by main force thrust his scheme of sham confederation down the throat of the nation that had suddenly sprung to life. But what he could he did. He could still keep the head asunder from the body; when Italy was crying for Rome as her head, he could still keep Rome in his own grasp. And in the north-eastern corner he could hand back to the enemy whom he had overcome half of the lands that he had promised to the ally who fought beside him. Rome, Verona, Venice, were left in bondage. Had the biographer of Cæsar gone on so far

with his studies as to know that the Venetian land was once the Lombard Austria? I doubt whether I ought even now to reveal the fact, a fact from which some minds might make an inference. I have seen grave arguments on behalf of political evil built up upon yet slenderer grounds¹.

We pass the strait crossed by so many conquerors and deliverers, but which was not now crossed by the noblest of all, who came in by another path. In the long tale of Sicily, in the thrilling story of the meeting-place of all the nations, the last of its stirring chapters is the greatest. One older name alone in the long roll-call of the men who have fought for the great island is worthy to be placed alongside of the deliverer of our own times. Pyrrhos and the first Roger came, we may well believe, ready with a honest heart to deliver the Greek from the barbarian, the Christian from the misbeliever. But for their work they must have their reward; over those whom they delivered they deemed that they had the right to reign. Timoleôn and Garibaldi deemed it enough to deliver; they worked without reward; they sought to reign over no man. The foremost man of Italy has followed the foremost man of Greece to his grave of glory; and while the memories of such men are green among us, we need not think scorn of the days in which our own lot is cast. The stock of the men who seem born of a race above their fellows, ἀνδρῶν

¹ On the "Lombard Austria" I said something in the opening papers of "Subject and Neighbour Lands of Venice." "Austria"—that is "Oesterreich," "Eastrice"—is simply the eastern kingdom or part of a kingdom. It thus meant the eastern part both of the Frankish and the Lombard kingdoms, and afterwards that border state of Germany against the Magyar which still keeps the name. The odd thing is that the name seems never to have been used in England, where it would have done perfectly well for East-Anglia. To have argued that Venetia ought to be a possession of the ruler of the present Austria because it was itself once called Austria would have been one degree less foolish than to argue that all Lombardy ought to be Austrian in the modern sense because it had been what an Austrian statesman was pleased to call "a fief of the German empire." See the beginning of the article "Frederick the First" in *Historical Essays*, Series I.

ἡρώων θεῖον γένος, is not a stock that sends forth its shoots in distant ages only. The banished of Nizza I never saw, but the banished of Psará is to me something more than the hearing of the ear or the reading of the lifeless page. But ten years back, a day never to be forgotten, I stood face to face with one of them who out of weakness were made strong, who waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens. I have seen the hero of the fire-ships in his lowly home looking down upon the ransomed waters. It is something surely for a man to bear in his mind and to tell to those who come after that he has heard the voice and touched the hand of Constantine Kanarês.

But in the years which form our present business the work of Kanarês was over; his honoured age was becoming a memory of the past while the work of Garibaldi was still in-doing. Stand where we will in the circuit of the Golden Shell, by the small remnant of that *all-haven* where the shipmen of Canaan first cast their anchor and into which Belisarius bore his victorious eagles—stand by the wall where Atilius and Robert Wiscard clave their way into the chosen citadel of Semitic power—stand on the plain where the legions of Metellus bore up against the brunt of the charging elephants—look from the height whence Hamilkar the Thunderbolt looked from his unconquered camp over land and sea—look from the less rugged height which good King William crowned with his glorious minster—stand by the tower whence tolled the Vesper bell that rang the knell of foreign bondage,—from all and every of these spots we may look forth on yet another spot whose tale of our own days ranks beside all, surpasses all, which finds days and spots like itself in the story of Syracuse, but which finds none other such in the story of Palermo. Beyond the bridge of George the Admiral, beyond the pleasure-house of Roger the King, the eye turns to the left to look at that slight sinking in the mountain which marks the pass where the Thousand followed the Deliverer to his work. And think

of that other day, when that same Deliverer stood face to face with the king for whom he had won two kingdoms, how he laid down the rod of the ruler and the sword of the warrior, and turned aside, greater than honours, greater than crowns, greater even than the applause of a rejoicing world. And yet, we may ask, was not his work too swift, too thorough? By the throne of Roger, by the tomb of Frederick, by the many-coloured form of the great Admiral, we may be allowed to ask whether such a style as that of King of Sicily should so lightly have passed away from the roll of royal titles. We may be allowed to ask whether the crown of the kings and Cæsars who made Sicily the most brilliant realm in Europe could be unworthy to rest on the brow of any ruler of mankind. The crown of Monza, the crown of Palermo, why has not a King of Italy and Sicily taken each in turn in its own home?

Italy then was free and united, save where the brute force of strangers still held down her head and some of her chief members in bondage. The will of Europe, the wisdom of Europe, had doomed Italy to weakness and disunion; but the will and wisdom of Europe had to yield. They had to yield also in another land, a land of kindred speech with Italy, a land which, like Italy, the sages of diplomacy had doomed to disunion and dependence, but which we see united and independent in their teeth. Look at the lower course of the Danube and of its great tributaries. There we now see two independent kingdoms, keeping perhaps their independence mainly, as smaller states often must, through the jealousies of their stronger neighbours. They are states whose voice does not count in the mysterious conclave known as Europe, but which at least count with Denmark and Belgium, or even with Spain and Sweden. There is a kingdom of Servia and there is a kingdom of Roumania. When Garibaldi freed the Sicilies, Servia was still a half-free principality with the Turk as its overlord, Roumania was in the transition stage between

the estate of two such principalities and that of one. We must not forget the difference between the historical position of the Servian and the Rouman lands. Servia, at the beginning of the century, was in the full blackness of darkness, an enslaved land, dealt with by the Turk at his good pleasure. By the energy of her sons, by dint of valour and dint of craft, she had risen to the position of a separate state, paying tribute to the Turk, curbed by Turkish garrisons in her capital and a few other towns, but otherwise acting for herself under the rule of a native prince. The Rouman principalities, on the other hand, had never formed part of the Turk's immediate dominion. They had never been in a lower position than that of tributary provinces, whose rulers were named and deposed by the Turk, but never were Turks themselves, while it was a further part of their special relation that no Mussulman could settle within their borders. Still, though the way in which the state of things had come about in the two lands was different, yet the state of things itself was not widely different; in both cases there was a people neither wholly free nor yet held in mere bondage, but enjoying enough of freedom to make it earnestly wish for more. But in the two Rouman states the yearning for enlarged freedom took a somewhat different shape from that which it took in Servia. Servia might well long for expansion, that is, for the deliverance of that part of the Servian people which was still in bondage; she might cast an eye of wonder and envy to her unconquered brethren in Montenegro; but she could not, like Moldavia or Walachia, long first of all for union with a kindred people placed close beside her in the same political condition as herself. Such was the heart's desire of the two Rouman lands, a yearning which was perhaps the most memorable of all witnesses to that fuller birth of strictly national feelings which marks our age. Germany and Italy were lands which had been split asunder and which longed to be again joined together. But the Rouman principalities

had been distinct as far back as the darkness of their earlier history enables us to say anything about them. Yet the people of the two lands had a common speech and in many things a common history; of their skulls I cannot speak, but they found in their common speech and common history grounds enough for deeming themselves a nation, and for deeming that that nation ought to be politically joined together and not parted asunder.

It is worth while to look with some minuteness at the characteristic way in which the diplomatists dealt with the wishes of the nation which had thus formed itself. Most likely it was sheer incapacity to agree on any definite common purpose, mere swaying backwards and forwards between this proposal and that, the natural state of mind of men who had a dim notion, but only a dim notion, that there are such things as nations, that those nations sometimes have wishes, and that those wishes must sometimes be thought of. The two lands craved for union and freedom; diplomatic wisdom said, Give them a little union, a little freedom, but not too much; give them just enough to make them wish for more. And, if diplomatic congresses avowedly undertook the duty of teaching nations gradually to walk alone, there might be something to be said for this process. Only when a diplomatic congress has granted to a nation just so much of freedom or union as will infallibly make it ask for more, the next diplomatic congress is always angry, or at least sulky, if the nation does ask for more; it is yet more angry or sulky, if the nation takes that more without asking for it. Yet experience shows that the bolder policy is often the best; if a nation asks Europe for its rights, it seldom gets them; if it takes them without asking, Europe will talk and grumble and threaten, but will seldom stretch out its hand to undo what has been actually done. That is, so far as touches the action of nations among themselves; we have yet to see what will happen whenever the rights of nations are pressed so far as to threaten the interests, perhaps the

existence, of a great power. In this Rouman case the people of the two lands were consulted in 1857; the voice of both was for union under a single prince and a single assembly. This was too much for Europe; the Roumans were told that they must have two princes and two assemblies. But, lest they should forget the object that was denied to them, there was to be a central commission to consider matters of common interest to the two lands, and to suggest proposals about them to their two separate assemblies. In 1859 the two separate assemblies met, and both, with an unanimous voice, elected the same prince. Europe came together again to see what was to be done with a people who had made up their minds to have only one prince when Europe had told them that they ought to have two. Europe looked at the facts, and thought it wiser to leave the facts alone. That is, the wise men did ungraciously in 1859 what it would have been no more trouble for them to do graciously in 1857. Europe perhaps comforted itself by thinking that the prince was after all two princes; he was not yet Prince of Roumania; he was Prince of Moldavia and Prince of Walachia, and held a distinct assembly in each character. But Europe learned that it was better to leave so stiff-necked a people to their own ways. In 1862 the two assemblies became one. In 1866 the two lands avowedly became one; their separate names passed away from the style of Charles Prince of Roumania. To be sure the style was geographically too wide; but then so was the style of the King of Italy. As Charles of Roumania is not sovereign of all Roumania, so neither was Victor Emmanuel then, nor is Humbert now, sovereign of all Italy. As there was and is an *Italia Irredenta*, so there was and is a *Romania Irredenta*. Beyond the Carpathians on the one side, beyond the Pruth on the other, were Rouman lands waiting for their union to the Rouman body, just as Trent and Aquileia are waiting for their union to the Italian body. Still in each case a nation and a state has been formed, and formed in defiance of all the decrees of those who so strangely claim

to speak in the name of Europe. If all that might be wished for had not been done, then or now, in either case, still not a little had been done then, and—as those who get the inch are apt to take the ell—something more has been done since.

The Rouman union of 1866 brings us into the thick of the great events of central Europe during the last three-and-twenty years. It may be that the fact that those great events were coming on allowed the Rouman people to shape their own destinies more freely than might otherwise have been granted to them. But if we have reached 1866 on one side of Europe, we must cast an eye on matters two years older on the other side. The long strife about the duchies held by the Danish king came to a strange end, as far as Denmark was concerned, in 1864, to a stranger, as far as the duchies themselves were concerned, in 1866. I remember at the time throwing the events of the former year into the shape of a parable. A long and difficult suit at law is in arguing by skilful counsel on both sides. That there was much to be said on both sides in point of quantity all the world knows; that there was much to be said on both sides in point of strength of argument was the one certain conviction which I carried away from my well-meant attempt to master the controversy. Well, the court is sitting; the counsel are pleading; in come two powerful personages—giants might be the most respectful name—who break up the pleadings, kick the plaintiff out of court, and knock down the defendant. Whatever side we take in the endless dispute, one thing is plain; if the Danish king had wronged any one, it was the German Confederation as a body, and not two of its individual members, the sovereigns of Brandenburg and Austria. We all know what followed. The hosts of Hohenzollern and Habsburg fought for once side by side against the gallant little realm of Denmark. The disputed duchies, north and south of Eider, were handed over to the conquerors in *condominium*, much as the little district

of Vierlände was then still held in *condominium*—can any one tell me whether it is now?—by the two free cities of Lübeck and Hamburg. Another fate was decreed for the ceded lands in 1866; in the intermediate year, in 1865, I saw the white coats at Altona, and strangely out of place they looked. As for the final annexation of those duchies by Prussia in 1866, one may be allowed to ask whether it was not, to say the least, a somewhat strange way of satisfying the alleged yearnings of those lands for a separate being, a somewhat strange way of satisfying the claims of the princes who gave themselves out as their lawful rulers. And far beyond this, on the new border of Germany and Denmark, a border so far to the north of the boundary stream of the Great Charles, a great wrong is doing to this day. It might be possible to raise a question as to the strictly German character—if by German we are to understand High-Dutch—of any part of the duchy which was once known as Southern Jutland; but it must be acknowledged that its southern part is undoubtedly German in the sense in which the whole of the older English lands are now looked on as German. But the northern part, no man doubts, is as truly Danish as the isle of Zealand itself. If the boundary was to follow the division of language—and it was on behalf of the division of language that the whole dispute largely arose—the boundary should have been drawn, neither at the Eider nor at the boundary of Jutland and Sleswick, but at some point between the two. The distinction was acknowledged. Though all Sleswick was given up by Denmark, it was promised that the surrender of its northern districts was not to be complete and eternal, but that a few at least of its Danish inhabitants should some day be allowed to enjoy those rights of nationality which were so loudly claimed for their German neighbours. That promise has never been fulfilled; it has even been openly given out that it never will be fulfilled. Here is a wrong which for once is not the doing of what calls itself Europe, but of a single power only.

And that power is so great, the people wronged is so small, that one wonders at there ever having been a moment's doubt as to granting a boon which could so easily be granted. The Prussian kingdom, the German empire, would assuredly be no weaker, the Danish kingdom would hardly become so strong as to threaten their being or their welfare, if a few thousand people in Northern Sleswick were allowed to enjoy the cherished, the promised, wish of their hearts. Surely that aged Emperor for whose still abiding life we all wish, might, as the last act of an old age which even his enemies must honour, undo this wrong, bestow this gift, a wrong so great to them that endure it, a gift so small to him who has the power to grant it, and so bring his days to an end with a deed of purer glory than to have humbled the pride of France and founded the might of Germany.

But we have strayed into the record of greater things. The Prussian annexation of Sleswick and Holstein was, as still more of my hearers will remember for themselves than can remember even the second career of Garibaldi, only a small part of changes which did affect the map indeed. The arrangements of 1815 were now swept away in Germany, as they had been already swept away in Italy. United Germany, a Germany taking in all that is German and nothing else, was not made then; it has not been made now; without some serious qualifications it never can be made, except by working much more wrong than it would redress. Still in 1866 a great step was taken in the direction of German unity, a step which could not fail to lead to other steps. And that none the less though in form the work of 1866 might pass for a triumph of *Partikularismus*. A Germany from which Austria and its German dependencies were formally shut out, to which Bavaria, Würtemberg and Baden could hardly be said to belong, might possibly draw on itself the epithet of *Klein-deutsch*. The very name of a North-German Confederation might seem a falling back from a Confederation of all

Germany. And yet in truth the substitution of the less for the greater was a more marked advance than had ever before been made towards German greatness and German unity. And that again none the less because the advance has taken what at first sight is the unattractive shape of the vast aggrandizement of a single German state. With the time of the Prussian annexation of Sleswick, we have come to the Prussian annexation of Hanover and to the Prussian annexation of a great deal more. Now with me, and with any who look at history with the same eyes that I do, the extinction of a small state always goes against the grain. There may be a perfectly good reason for the process; but we ask the reason; the presumption lies the other way. And when the answer can be given that the thing annexed is neither a free city nor a small nation, but merely some casual and meaningless division of a nation, we must allow that the answer is a good one. North Sleswick lost something by annexation to Prussia; the free city of Frankfurt lost something by annexation to Prussia; but it is hard to see what the other annexed states lost. The capitals no doubt lost something in dignity, and something in a more practical way; but it is hard to see what the rest of the country lost. We can understand that the city of Hanover felt in every way lowered by ceasing to be the seat of a king's court. But was anybody at Hildesheim wronged? The kingdom of Hanover of which it had been made to form a part was after all a patched-up thing answering to nothing either in nature or in history; there was nothing about it to command any special respect on the part of the towns and districts which had been arbitrarily tacked on to the older electorate. The man of Hildesheim lost nothing by having to look up to one German king instead of to another, to a greater German king instead of to a smaller. He lost nothing by sending his representative to Berlin instead of sending him to Hanover, except that his representative would have to take a somewhat longer journey. And for that the

remedy might perhaps have been found in placing the head of Germany more nearly in the midst of Germany, among the old associations of Germany, and not in a city which sprang up yesterday in a Slavonic wilderness. If we look at the Federal constitution either of the North-German Confederation of 1866 or at the German Empire of 1870, simply as a Federal constitution, we are inclined to look on it as a mere pretence. Even in its latter estate, and still more in its former, the preponderance of a single state is so overwhelming as to destroy all real Federal character. It is the Boeotian Thebes over again. But a Federal system, in its own nature something intermediate between complete separation and complete union, does an useful work when it proves the path to complete union for states which are not as yet ready for complete union. I do not venture to foretell what may be; I see difficulties, the religious difficulty above all. But I cannot see that there would be any inherent wrong if the German state which is the head and representative of Germany should gradually come to be absolutely the same thing as Germany. That is to say, the name of Prussia would no longer be heard; the name of Germany would in all things take its place. Bavaria, Austria, the modern Saxony, would pass away into a greater whole, as in other lands Northumberland and Mercia, Anjou and Champagne, have passed away into greater wholes. In this there would be nothing specially to regret; there is nothing calling for historic reverence about any existing German kingdom or duchy, unless we except that Brunswick whose princes, champions of Germany and Europe, were never degraded into grand dukes or kings.¹ Kingdoms and duchies alike have been patched up in modern times out of elements which did command historic reverence. The three free cities alone, survivals and memorials of their whole class, Greek, Italian, and Teutonic, may ask for

¹ Perhaps something also may be said for Mecklenburg, whose Dukes are the one ancient reigning Slavonic house in Europe.

tender handling, and may, we trust, receive it under any change. As for the rest, all venerable traditions, all sentimental associations, were trodden in the dust for ever in 1815 and in times before 1815. The things which would have to be swept away to make Germany a thoroughly united realm are for the most part innovations whose beginnings the reigning Emperor can remember.

It is hard to look at the events of 1866, as far as they regarded Germany only, apart from the events of 1870-1871, of which they were in truth the first stage. But the events of 1866 touched other lands besides Germany, and they touched Germany in one very notable way. If Germany was consolidated and on one side enlarged, it was also on one side cut short. The separation of Bavaria and the other south-western lands was in its own nature only temporary. They needed only the great call of 1870 to bring them back. But the separation of Austria and the other German lands of the house of Habsburg has been thus far lasting. It has led to a singular change in ordinary speech. People now talk every day of "Germany and Austria," seemingly without stopping to notice that there is anything remarkable in the phrase. Yet it is a little like talking about "England and Kent;" it is exactly like talking about "England and East-Anglia." The phrase to be sure had been used at least once before, in that wonderful treaty of Pressburg, in which a King of Germany and Emperor-elect of the Romans thought good to describe himself as "Empereur d'Allemagne et d'Autriche." But, odd as the phrase sounds, it sets forth a fact. Austria and the lands immediately connected with it have ceased to be German in any formal political sense. That they have so ceased was a stroke of policy indeed, the greatest blow dealt even by the man who, of all living men, is emphatically *μεγαλοπράγμων*,¹ and surely not wholly *κακοπράγμων* either. It was a grand position, to have the great rival of his power at his feet, and, as far as he was himself concerned,

¹ Xen. Hell. v. 2. 36.

to spare him—to exact the cession of provinces to an ally but to take nothing for himself, but, with all this, to enforce that one surrender which, from the point of view of the conqueror, was more needed than any conquest. In one sense Germany was dismembered, to the political behoof of Prussia, though not to her territorial enlargement. In another sense Germany was strengthened and consolidated by being dismembered, that is by the withdrawal of the only power that could be a rival to her destined, perhaps her chosen, head. Mark too that in 1866 an end was put to that state of things on which we commented before by which so many sovereigns reigned at once within and without the German border. Of Denmark I have already spoken; there the German dominions of its sovereign passed away from him, and part of his Scandinavian dominions passed with them. It is really fruitless to go through the whole tale of Luxemburg; the end is that the duchy abides, no longer part of Germany, but a survival, a very small survival indeed, of the kingdom of the first Lothar. Prussia itself has become a purely German state, so far at least as law and the administration of law can make the men of Posen German and turn the metropolis of Poland into a German city.¹ In this new state of things there was no room in the German body for a prince who was only partly German, who besides his endless states within the Confederation, held other endless states beyond it. He must go; he must give up all place and influence within the German body, and he might reign as he pleased beyond its borders. Bohemia and Austria were now declared to be beyond the German border no less than Hungary and Dalmatia. Never

¹ It should always be remembered that the result of the three partitions of Poland was that by far the greater part of the original Poland passed to Prussia, a small part to the House of Austria, none to Russia, which took only Lithuanian and old-Russian territory. Prussia took alike the metropolitan city of Gniezno (Gnesen) and the modern capital of Warsaw. The result of the formation of the Duchy of Warsaw and of the Russian Kingdom of Poland has been that Prussia now holds Gnesna but not Warsaw.

surely was a stroke of policy more successful. An enemy was spared, a rival was got rid of, and the rival and the enemy has been turned into an ally, into something perhaps more than an ally. An Austrian prince, forming part of the German body, would hardly have been so dutiful to the head of the German body as the Austrian prince, no longer counted as German, has shown himself.

But the Austrian prince, no longer the head of Germany, no longer held to have any membership with Germany, was touched by the events of 1866 in two other ways. First of all, the victor who refused to enlarge his own borders was ready to enlarge the borders of his ally. At his bidding, another very great step was taken towards the further emancipation of Italy. From Udine to Mantua the land was freed; the elder Lombard Austria passed away from the ruler of the later German Austria. Yet one may remark that the boundary is strangely drawn; the power that was cut short still presses far into the Italian lands; Verona seems dangerously near to the border of her former master. It is hard to see why the boundary of free Italy should necessarily follow the former boundary of the commonwealth of Venice—why, to mention one land only, Trent and its former bishopric should be left to form part of *Italia Irredenta*.¹ Is it so to abide? One sometimes has a thought, when we see the houses of Savoy and Habsburg draw so near together, whether the deliverance of some part of the Italian lands still kept apart from the Italian body may not be the promised price of the bondage of some greater land east of Hadria. All Servia might be no bad exchange for Trent. And yet against such dangers we have a certain safeguard, though we

¹ I commented on this odd bit of political geography when I spoke of the lands themselves in the "Subject and Neighbour Lands of Venice." The Archduke of Austria holds the city of Trieste by a better right than most of his dominions, namely by an ancient commendation of the city itself. The Archdukes have also been Counts of Gorizia for a good while past. But the Austrian possession of the bishopric of Trent is no more venerable than the Austrian possession of Venice, Ragusa, or the sea-board of Istria.

have to look for it in a strange place indeed. When we look at the south-eastern peninsula at the present moment, we may, if we choose to count ourselves as Trojans, truly say—

“Via prima salutis,
Quod minime reris, Graia pandetur ab urbe.”

I have in my time said some strong things about the house of Austria and its chief. I may have said stronger things because, both in 1867 and in 1875, I cherished hopes—you will find their expression in my printed writings¹—which were not destined to be fulfilled. But I have never said anything which I see the slightest reason to withdraw, because I believe that I have never said anything that was not justified by facts. In 1867 I hoped for more than has happened; but still something has come of the events of that year. In my former lecture I drew a picture of the head of the Austrian house cast forth from his German and his Magyar capitals, and brought back to his thrones by the loyalty of the Slave and the Rouman. I will not do more than point out the fact that it is not the Slave and the Rouman who brought him back, but the German and the Magyar who cast him forth, who now form the dominant powers in his dominions. From 1867 dates the so-called dual monarchy, the union of Hungary and Austria on equal terms, as separate states under a common sovereign. Now be it remembered that I never in my life spoke a word against that union; the kingdom and the archduchy, as independent states, have an undoubted right to unite or to separate or to do what they choose, on any terms that they may think good. In 1867 the rule of the sovereign of Austria in his Hungarian dominions was changed, by a solemn and speaking rite, from unlawful tyranny to lawful kingship. At that change no man rejoiced more than I. Perhaps I did not see then so well as I do now that the freedom of the Hungarian kingdom did not necessarily mean the freedom of its *partes annexæ*, that the change which was promotion for

¹ Historical Essays, First Series, p. 282, first ed.

the Magyar was not necessarily promotion for the Rouman and the Slave. But I never doubted the perfect right of kingdom and archduchy to unite on such terms as they might think good; I never denied the seemingly good success of the arrangement, as between kingdom and archduchy. What I have spoken against has been the way in which an arrangement favourable alike to Hungary and Austria has been extended without their consent to lands neither Hungarian nor Austrian. I have claimed aright for Dalmatia, Croatia, and Transsylvania to be thought of as well as Hungary and Austria; I have wondered that men who were stirred by the bondage and rejoiced in the deliverance of Venice and Milan, have seemingly had no hearts for the bondage of Ragusa, the betrayal of Cattaro, the harrying of Crivoscia, the stealing of paltry Spizza.¹ At this moment the ancient kingdom of Bohemia asks that her rights may be regarded as well as those of her Hungarian neighbour, and that the crown of Wenceslaf may be worn in equal honour with the crown of Stephen. But at this moment the independence of the crown of Stephen has become an element of the greatest moment in the south-eastern lands. The Magyar kingdom is doing indirectly what I had once hoped it might do directly. By virtue of the independence won in 1867, it has become in some sort the guardian of the rising nations of South-Eastern Europe. To the Russian, I need not say, the Magyar will never yield an inch; to the Austrian, he seems a strange schoolmaster, not unlikely to prove a guide into a better path. He has assuredly no mind to set free his own

¹ Cattaro, a dependency of Venice, was taken by Austria with other Venetian possessions in 1797. It was taken by France in 1807. In 1813, by combined English, Russian, and Montenegrin efforts, it took its natural position as capital of Montenegro. At the settlement of Vienna England and Russia forsook their ally, and allowed the Austrian to take Cattaro again. The way in which all knowledge of the two Austrian invasions of Crivoscia—the unsuccessful one in 1869, the successful one in 1881—was hindered from reaching Western Europe, was one of the greatest triumphs of diplomacy, journalism, or whatever was the agent employed.

Slavonic and Rouman subjects; but he has learned where his own interests lie in immediate questions, and he has fully made up his mind to hinder his king from leading any more Slaves or Roumans into bondage.

I am drawing near to the end of my time, and I am as yet only, in strict chronological order, at the year 1867. But on the affairs of South-Eastern Europe, which form so large a part of the events of later years, I have never had any thought of again enlarging now, as I once spoke of them at length in a former lecture. But after 1867 comes 1870. At the events of that year, as touching the internal developement of Germany, I have already glanced. The further union of 1870 must have come sometime; the war with France was its immediate occasion. That war followed on a time of great diplomatic activity; to a plain man it seems, as I have already said, that the ruler of France, having overcome Russia and Austria, thought that the time was come to overcome Prussia also. Only this time he found no confederates; those in whom he hoped to find confederates fought on the other side; the Bavarian did as good work for the common fatherland as the Prussian. Then came that mighty fall on which we all gazed with wonder, most of us with rejoicing. The ruler of France found his own dominion pass away as in a moment; the land which he had led into a needless war was dismembered as its fruits. There the map of Europe is changed indeed; Elsass-Lothringen as the specially Imperial land of the German Emperor—Strassburg again an Imperial city, though shorn of the *Reichsfreiheit* of which her elders showed themselves unworthy—Metz, once the capital of the German *Francia*, turned against its will into a bulwark of Germany against the Latin *Francia*—if we were to stop and argue, Were these changes just? were they wise? it would be very easy to say much from either side. It is enough for me now to point to those changes as being, whether wise and just or not, in any case the greatest of their own kind which our period has seen. It is the one case in

which a great power, thoroughly overcome in war by another great power, has been driven to yield, as the price of peace and of more than peace, a land which it had learned to look on as part of its very self. For France to give up Lorraine and Alsace—or the greater part of those two lands—was quite another matter from the House of Austria withdrawing from Lombardy and Venice. In one case a family found its estate cut short, and that was all; in the other case the tenderest feelings of a nation were wounded to the quick. The lands given up by the French people were lands which the French people looked on, and in some ways truly looked on, as having become wholly French; but the head of the House of Austria himself could hardly have flattered himself that Lombardy and Venice had become Austrian. And the pride of the House of Austria was humoured by the form of the surrender; the land was at least not directly ceded to the despised Savoyard. No such delicacy was shown when the surrender had to be made by a mere nation and not by a princely house. As ever, the change looks backward and forward; a long course of past history lies behind it, a long course of future history may well lie in front of it. Anyhow we may muse on the instructive contrast. An Italian land is given back to Italy, and it rejoices; a German land is given back to Germany, and it does not rejoice. It may be that a nation succeeds better in adopting new brethren than a family succeeds in satisfying new subjects; it may be that it is less grievous to lose part of one's mere acres than it is to lose part of one's own body. Far be it for me to say that there is nothing to be said on the German side. When the event was newer, I found a good deal to say on that side myself. I wish now simply to point out the greatness of the change, and its unique character among the changes of our fifty years.

As usual, the action of France touched other lands besides France. The direct result of the French attack on Germany, the attack in which it was fondly hoped that the

South of Germany would have fought against the North, was to make Germany get more fully united than she had been made by the war between Prussia and Austria. The chief of Germany true successor of Lewis the East-Frank, of Henry of Saxony, and Rudolf of Habsburg,—true restorer, that is, of the German kingdom,—could hardly, as a King of kings, forbear from taking the loftier style of Charles and Otto. There have been few more speaking scenes in the history of the world than when the princes and cities of Germany bestowed the crown of Empire on their victorious leader amid the very works and trophies of the maker of Versailles. Then, as in the days of the Great Charles, the strange phrase of an earlier historian became true, and Paris could be spoken of for a moment as a little town of Germany.¹ And it is worth while to remember how much the world had changed within the lifetime of one man. Within the lifetime, perhaps within the memory, of the new Augustus, not a few self-styled Empires had risen, not a few had fallen, alike east and west of Ocean. He was, he still is, one of those few still left among men, who can remember when Saxony and Hanover, Bavaria, and Würtemberg had not dreamed of kingship, when France and Austria, Mexico and Hayti, had not dreamed of empire, but when the highest place on earth was still held by a King of Germany and Jerusalem, an elect Emperor of the Romans.

And, if Germany was touched, within as well as without, so was Italy. It may not be the last step, but it was assuredly the greatest step, in the path of Italian unity, when the head was at last joined to the body, when the army of liberated Italy entered Rome, hard by the path of Alaric, over the battle-field of Pontius of Telesia. How that event looks from its Roman, from its œcumenical, side I have spoken elsewhere.² To-day we have to look on the re-

¹ Why Zōsimos called Paris in the days of Julian *πολίχνη τῆς Γερμανίας* I never could find out; but so he did.

² See *Chief Periods of European History*, p. 194.

covery of Rome by Italy as giving the world the sight of such an Italy as has not been since the days of Theodoric, since those thirty years of peace and happiness when the "humanity" of the Roman was so well guarded by the "savagery" of the Goth. Yet here too are difficulties and dangers. Never before in the whole range of history, never in the long strife of Popes and Emperors, were the temporal and spiritual powers brought into such close neighbourhood, forced into such immediate rivalry. Since the kingship of Italy has sat on the Quirinal, with the primacy of the West, in so many eyes the primacy of the world, still sitting on the Vatican, the two swords could not fail to be eager at any moment to leap from their scabbards. In this matter our age has indeed seen a new thing, a thing of which much may have to be written in the pages of future history.

But we cannot part from the unity of Italy without once more casting a glance at it in that aspect which makes it one of the most characteristic, as well as one of the happiest, events of our time. In Italy, as elsewhere, the nations rise, the nations speak, and the so-called decrees of Europe pass away. In the whole history of political language it would be hard to find a stranger use of a word than that use of the word "Europe" to which we have been for some years past daily accustomed. "Europe," the "will of Europe," the "mandate of Europe," the "concert of Europe," are phrases which have been of late in every mouth. What do they mean? Certainly not an agreement among the nations of Europe, not even an agreement among the princes of Europe. What "Europe" means in these now every-day phrases is simply six powers—five nations and a family—who have received no commission to act in the name of their fellows, but who speak and act as if they were so commissioned, who expect their will to be obeyed, simply because they have the physical strength to make men obey it. The new constitution of Europe—for as an avowed

constitution, claiming respect for its acts, it is a new constitution—would seem very strange to a statesman of the seventeenth century. Such an one would perhaps be puzzled by the appearance of Russia as a great power; he would certainly be puzzled at the appearance of Italy as a great power; he would be most of all puzzled to find out what could be meant by Austria appearing as a power distinct from Germany. It would seem to him a strange Europe from which Spain and Sweden at their several ends seem to be shut out, and in which the mind of the Seven Provinces of the United Netherlands is held to be not worth the asking. In this matter 1878 had really fallen back below the level of 1815. The names of several powers were set to the earlier settlement which were not set to the later one. Still no man can doubt that the disposition of physical force in Europe at the present moment is well represented in the constitution of the body which those to whom the history of old Hellas is a blank think it fine to call the “European Arcopagus.”¹ If the six powers agree to do a thing, they clearly have brute force enough to do it. The question is whether their physical strength is accompanied by any moral force. The despots and diplomatists themselves seem sometimes really to think, not only, what is true enough, that they have the power to make others obey them, but that others are in some way morally bound to obey them. They seem to think that their signature to a document binds, by some legal force, those who have never signed it or been consulted about it. They seem to think that their decrees have that same kind of force of law over powers and nations which have not consented to them which the decrees of the lawful assembly of any kingdom

¹ This very common phrase is one of the queerest of popular confusions. It is hard indeed to see the analogy between a meeting of envoys from several states and the highest criminal court in a particular state. Would anybody say that the Berlin Treaty was made by the “King’s Bench of Europe”? There seems to be a twofold blunder at work. First, the Athenian Areiopagos is confounded with the Amphiktyonic Council; secondly, the nature of the Amphiktyonic Council is altogether misconceived.

or commonwealth have over the subjects or citizens of that kingdom or commonwealth. A most remarkable case was the cry which went through all lands, a cry rising sometimes from very illustrious lips, when two of the three severed parts of Bulgaria decreed and accomplished their union. It was said, quite seriously, that the Bulgarians had broken the treaty of Berlin. Yet that phrase was a contradiction on the face of it. The Bulgarians could not break a treaty which they had never signed, about which their wishes had never been in any way consulted. What was the simple state of the case? Bulgaria, longing for freedom and unity, in the actual, if only momentary, possession of freedom and unity, was, by the deepest wisdom of Europe, condemned to division, part of it to something worse than division. One-third of the liberated Bulgarian people was not only parted from its fellows, but was thrust down again into the very blackness of darkness. Such was the will of Europe, and to that will the despots and diplomatists held that the Bulgarian people owed the same kind of respect which they owe to an act passed by a Bulgarian parliament. Two of the severed lands presently showed themselves wiser than Europe, and came together again in the teeth of Europe. In so doing they broke no law, they broke no treaty, they sinned against no moral obligation of any kind. And what followed? Europe was sulky for a while; this and that despot or diplomatist grumbled; but Europe soon thought it wiser to accept facts to a certain extent. Whatever comes, there is little fear of the exact state of things designed by the Treaty of Berlin being again forced on the Bulgarian people. That is to say, a nation firm in asserting its rights has proved itself wiser than Europe, in a sense stronger than Europe, for it has won Europe over to its side. So it ever is; truth and right have after all some power in the world; there is still some shame left among the rulers of men which keeps them from pushing simple brute force to an extreme point. Now and then, more commonly than fifty years back, they do seem to feel

that the commands of a narrow oligarchy, acting without any commission but its own will, can have no moral force over those who have never consented to obey them. This is the point to be fully understood. The "will of Europe," in this new and strange sense of the word "Europe," is indeed a power of overwhelming might; it is a power to which it is often wise to yield; but it should be understood all round that to yield to it is simply a question of prudence, that its bidding has no strength of law over men and nations who have given its authors no commission to act in their names. That doctrine grows, if but slowly; over and over again within our fifty years have we seen the wisdom and the will of "Europe" give way to the higher wisdom, the stronger will, of the nations for whom "Europe" sought to lay down the law. We need not despair of hearing the word some day formally go forth that the nations are to be free to act for themselves, as the word went forth not so long ago that Europe was to do everything for or against them, and that they were not to lift a hand or speak a word in their own cause. Truly our fifty years have been on the whole fifty years of advance for the cause of right and freedom. Look on this picture and on that. Look at the map of 1837 and on the map of 1887. Much truly has been changed for the better; but there is still something left for coming years to change.

TEUTONIC CONQUEST IN GAUL
AND BRITAIN.

TWO LECTURES.

LECTURE I.

(NOVEMBER 24, 1887.)

IN the present lecture I shall be compelled to speak much of myself and to make quotations from my own writings. That such necessity is laid upon me is my misfortune and not my fault. Ever since I was placed in this chair, I have put it before me as one of my main objects in it to do what I could to set forth true views of the earliest history of our own people in our own land. But, in order the better so to do, it was my purpose to reach our own land by a somewhat round-about path. I have long held that the only sure way to understand the true character of Teutonic settlement in Britain was to compare and contrast it with Teutonic settlement in Gaul. I did my best to draw this contrast many years ago in some lectures which were at the time printed in Macmillan's Magazine. In this country they never got beyond the stage of papers printed in Macmillan's Magazine;¹ but some of my American friends were good enough, of their own accord, to reprint them in the shape of a little book. It is possible therefore that some people in America may remember them, while I cannot be so bold as to think that anybody in this island does. My object in those papers was to set forth the distinction between two forms of conquest. In one of them an invading people settles in a conquered land, and no doubt causes by its settlement no small amount of change, no small amount of suffering. But the main fabric of society in the conquered land lives on. The language of the conquered people lives on; the conquerors adopt it, first

¹ "The Origin of the English Nation," Macmillan's Magazine, vol. xxi. pp. 415, 509; xxii. 31; "The Alleged Permanence of Roman Civilization in Britain," vol. xxii. p. 31.

alongside of, and then instead of, their own tongue. The religion of the conquered lives on; the conquerors adopt it in the first moment of their conquest. The institutions of the conquered live on; they are largely modified; new institutions arise beside them; but the old are not swept away. The conquered people live on in their own land; they are neither slaughtered nor driven out nor enslaved; they remain freemen and landowners; not a few of them are admitted to the favour of the foreign king and hold the highest offices under him. From one side of the picture indeed one is tempted to doubt whether conquest, in any sense beyond its strict legal meaning, is not too harsh a word for such a process. Such a conquest was that wrought by the Franks in Gaul at the end of the fifth century. There is another side to that great event, a careful grasp of which is needful for its full historic understanding; but for our present purpose the side on which I am dwelling is the only one that concerns us. I need not go about to prove to any one here that the Latin tongue once spoken in Gaul has never died out, that it has never been displaced by any other. It has changed, by the operation of the causes which affect all languages, till we look on modern French as a different tongue from old Latin; but there is no break in what we may call the personal identity of the language. The Gaul had cast away his own speech and had taken to himself the speech of his Roman conqueror. The Roman of Gaul—that is, the Gaul in his Roman garb—never cast aside his Roman speech, and never took to himself the speech of his Frankish conqueror. The cities of Gaul lived on through the Frankish conquest; they and their districts still keep the names of the old Gaulish tribes; it would be hard indeed to find a Frankish name of city or district alongside of abiding Arelate and Burdigala, of the land of the Andecavi and the land of the Arverni. The map of Gaul under Augustus remains for many purposes the map of France as it is this day; down to the great French

revolution the two were largely the same thing. And above all, the faith of the land has never changed, or has changed only in a far later day. In the cities of Gaul the succession of their bishops was never broken; the worship of which those bishops were the ministers never ceased, save for a moment in a time that seems as yesterday. On the hill of Angers, in the isle of Paris, the gods of the Gaul and the Roman gave way to Christ and His Mother; but Christ and His Mother never gave way to Woden and Thunder. In a word, the heathen Teuton burst into a Roman and Christian land; but the land remained Roman and Christian. The change was in the conqueror. The Sicamber learned to burn what he had worshipped and to worship what he had burned. And, to crown the whole, the tale of the conquest is set down in books written not long after the conquest. We know the actors, we know the dates. And the men of two generations later we know better than the men of almost any other time. There are few characters in history with whom we feel so thoroughly at home as Gregory of Tours has taught us to feel with King Chilperic and King Guntchramn.

There are moments in which we wish that we could feel in the same way at home with our own Ceawlin and our own Ida. We are tempted to mourn that, while in the history of the Frank the sixth century of our æra is, at least from the picturesque and personal side, an age of unrivalled light, in the history of the Angle and the Saxon it is the very blackness of darkness. But that so it is is the penalty of being Englishmen; it is part of the price that we pay for cleaving to the tongue, the laws, the whole historic being, of our earliest forefathers, instead of casting them away, or mingling them with those of another folk. That we have to grope and guess to find out what manner of men our fathers were, instead of gazing on their living shapes painted for us by the pencil of a Gregory, is the surest of all signs that our fathers stood in quite another case towards the land which

they conquered and towards its elder folk from that in which their fellow-conquerors in Gaul stood towards the land and the folk among which they had made their way. I remember well that in the forgotten papers of which I spoke I risked a daring paradox. I said that it was by the light of our darkness, by the teaching of our ignorance, that we gained such knowledge as we have of the early days of our settlement in the land in which we dwell. And so it is; the greatest of all facts, the most instructive of all facts, in our earliest history is that our knowledge of it is so slight, that we are sometimes tempted to say that we have no knowledge of it whatever. Had the nature of our settlement been other than it was, had it had ought in common with the settlement of the Goth, the Burgundian, and the Frank, such darkness could not have been. We might not have had a Gregory; few lands in any age have had any one who could tell a tale and paint a picture as he could tell and paint it. But, if we had not a Gregory, we might at least have had a Prosper, an Idatius, or a Fredegar. We had our Bæda in course of time; had our settlement been as the settlement of the Frank, we should have had our Bæda long before. Or rather we should not have had our Bæda, but another folk would have had him. A Bæda recording the events and painting the men of Britain in the sixth century would have been a Bæda speaking—I still venture to think Welsh, but, if any one pleases, let it be Latin. He would have been one speaking either Welsh or Latin as his mother tongue; he would assuredly not have been one like ourselves, speaking our own tongue in which we were born, and writing Latin only as we write it now, as a tongue which the rod of the schoolmaster has beaten into us.

Here then is the great fact of all. The man of France still speaks the tongue which the Gaul learned from the Roman, with the changes which could not fail to come about in fourteen hundred years, with some special changes directly owing to the coming of his Frankish conqueror.

He speaks the tongue of the conquered, with a certain infusion from the tongue of the conqueror. The man of England still speaks the tongue which he learned of no man, the tongue which his fathers brought with them from their elder home; he speaks it with the changes which could not fail to come about in fourteen hundred years; he speaks it with special changes owing to far later events with which we have not now to deal. But the changes which were directly caused by his settlement in the conquered land are so slight as to be hardly marked. That is, he speaks the tongue of the conqueror, with an infusion from the tongue of the conquered so slight that it needs a delicate ear indeed to detect its ring. And if we cast our eye over the land, its map, its history, we find that the case of Gaul is reversed in all other points no less than in the point of language. Here and there an ancient city keeps or seems to keep its Roman name; in some cases at least it would be truer to say that it keeps the name by which our fathers marked the fact that the Roman city had once stood there. Gaul can hardly show a parallel to Anderida standing empty after fourteen hundred years; it can show no parallel to Deva springing again to life after its shorter desolation of three hundred. But the more part of the chief cities and boroughs of England, heads of shires, heads of dioceses, bear names which have no sign of the Roman about them, names which were as clearly given by the Angle and the Saxon in his settlement in Britain as are the names, often kindred, which later Angles and Saxons have given to their dwellings in America and Australia. And as here and there an immemorial city still keeps its site and name, so here and there an immemorial district still keeps its name and boundaries. Kent, like Connecticut, keeps on a name older than the day when the English speech was first heard within its borders. But Kent and Connecticut are names which are a good deal outnumbered by names which the English settler gave of his own devising. Here and there, in the

lands of later conquest, a tribe like the Damnonii may keep their name and the name of their land with a slight change in the new tongue, but where in Teutonic Britain are they who should answer to the Turones, the Parisii, the Remi? They have given way to the Snotingas and the Bockingas, the Hwiccas and the Magesætan, to the men who called one famous spot because there was a bridge there over Grant or Cam, to the men who at an earlier stage called another famous spot because at that point the oxen found a ford. The map of the England of Domesday is, with the smallest exceptions, the map of our living England; but the map of the England of Domesday keeps hardly a trace of the map of the Britain of Cassivelaunus or of Claudius. And above all, where among the prelacy of England is he who can claim for his bishopstool the same unbroken life from the earliest days of the Christian faith as the life which has dwelled on without a gap in the church of the Primate of all the Gauls and the church of the Primate of Primates,¹ in the home of Sidonius and Gallus on the hill of Auvergne, in the home of Martin and Gregory by the rushing stream of Loire? Beside them what we deem antiquity, the foundation of Eadwine, the foundation of Æthelberht, seem things of yesterday indeed. While the Teutonic conquerors of Gaul were pressing to receive the waters of baptism, while they were rearing new temples for the faith of Christ and pouring fresh gifts into the treasures of his ministers, the Teutonic conquerors of Britain were breaking down the holy places; they were slaying the priest before the altar; they were setting up the worship of their own Teutonic gods in the meadow that took the name of Thundersley, on the height that took the name of Wodnesbeorh. Never

¹ This proud title was borne by the Archbishops of Vienne, rivals of the Archbishops of Lyons, Primates of all the Gauls. The title seems to confute itself, being evidently taken up as a point in the controversy. Accordingly the Primate of all the Gauls is still Primate of all the Gauls, while the Primate of Primates has ceased to be, and his metropolitan church is now only parochial.

in the whole history of the world can we find a sharper contrast, a contrast more clearly marked in every detail, than that which parts Teutonic conquest as it was wrought by Wallia, by Guntochar, and by Chlodowig, from Teutonic conquest as it was wrought by Hengest and Cerdic and Ida Bearer of Fire.

Of the causes of this great difference I am not this day called on to speak a word. I have often spoken of them before; I may often have to speak of them again; but to-day I have to speak only of the difference itself and its results. Now I take for granted that no one will deny the simple facts which I have just stated. There are indeed some with whom one cannot argue; one cannot argue with an Anglo-Israelite, as one cannot argue with a man who says, with far better grounds for his belief, that the earth is flat. Nor can I at least undertake to argue with one ingenious gentleman—I know his name and place of abode—who has proved satisfactorily that every word of our spoken English has a clear Cymric root, that the king, the alderman, and the sheriff, are not the king, the alderman, and the sheriff, but something quite different in the British tongue. To be sure, it weakens his case a little that Celtic scholars say that his ancient Welsh, when it means anything at all in any language, is most commonly modern Irish. Still I should like to see that ingenious gentleman try his hand on the spoken speech of France. French by its very name must be the speech of Franks, not the speech of Latins; and he could doubtless show with ease that the present French of Paris is the purest High-German. There are those too who tell us that the laws and customs of England are after all only the laws and customs of Rome; they would teach us that the dooms of Æthelberht are nothing but a feeble echo, perhaps a blundering crib, of this *lex* passed in the comitia in the year of such and such consuls, of that *rescript* sent forth for the enlightenment of enquirers by such and such an Emperor in such a year of his

tribunitian power. Some of this sect have risen to greater consideration among men than their brethren who have tried their skill on language; some day I may even have to argue with them; but not to-day. But I appeal to all who have the smallest accurate knowledge of the events of Gaul and Britain in the fifth and sixth centuries, the many recorded events of Gaul, the few recorded events of Britain, whether the general contrast that I have drawn is not in its broad features a true one. And I appeal to them further when I draw the most obvious inferences from the recorded facts of history, from the present facts which we see around us. Here is a people who speak a Teutonic tongue, a people who speak of *God* and *man*, of *father* and *mother*, of *earth* and *heaven*. There is a people who speak a Latin tongue, a people who speak of *Dieu* and *homme*, of *père* and *mère*, of *terre* and *ciel*. Here is a people from whose lands the outward signs of Roman occupation have been well nigh swept away. There is a people in whose land those signs meet us at every step. Here is a people in whose land the faith of Christ gave way for a while to the faith of Woden. There is a people among whom the whole fabric of the Christian Church, like the rest of the fabric of Roman society, went on unbroken. And yet we know that both lands, at nearly the same time, fell under the power of Teutonic conquerors. Am I not justified in inferring that Teutonic conquest meant wholly different things in the two cases? Do not the plainest facts that we see around us, the every day words of our common speech, the most familiar of names and customs, tell us, as the simplest and most obvious of truths, that Teutonic conquest in Gaul, the conquest of the Frank, much more the conquest of the Goth and the Burgundian, was a conquest which simply modified an existing state of things and left its essence unchanged, while Teutonic conquest in Britain, the conquest of the Jute, the Angle, and the Saxon, was a conquest which wholly swept away an existing state of things,

and set up another in its place. In the Teutonic Conquest of Britain something happened which did not happen in the Teutonic Conquest of Gaul, something for which we must find a name. That is to say, Teutonic conquest in Gaul did not involve the displacement of one people by another, while Teutonic conquest in Britain did.

‘Displacement of one people by another.’ In those words we have indeed touched the root of the matter. But on that root of the matter I had not designed to touch from this chair for some while to come. I had hoped some day to reach the great question which I must, for the thousandth time, put in the old familiar shape, because I can put it in no better, whether we, the English people, are ourselves or somebody else. But I had hoped to reach that question by that very roundabout path which I have pointed out ever since I began my work in this place, which I pointed out again in the preface to my last published volume.¹ If there is any one here who has not yet read the preface to my *Chief Periods of European History*,—and it is always wisest to assume that nobody has read a thing, especially if it is of one’s own writing,—I would ask him to read it the first thing after he goes home. From that reading he will better understand my position this day; he will see how late discussions have forced me into a question which I had wished not to touch till I had gone through all the earlier stages which are needful for its true understanding. I had not designed to speak of Britain till I had done with Gaul; I had not designed to show what manner of men we were ourselves till I had fully painted our neighbours to compare with us. The work has been slow; it is a long business in itself; it has been broken in upon, as some of you know, by causes not of my own choosing. Still a faithful few have followed me through all lands and all ages whither I have had to lead them. To them, both in the closet and on the house-top, I have tried to

¹ *Chief Periods of European History*, p. viii.

show in all fulness what the Frank in Gaul was, that they might the better understand, when the time should come, how different a being the Angle or the Saxon in Britain was from him. The strange eagerness, unparalleled on the part of any other nation, with which so many Englishmen strive to turn their backs on themselves and to proclaim themselves anything but what they are—the astounding state of mind in which an educated man can talk with scorn of “the savagery of Anglo-Saxons,”¹ as of people with whom he himself has nothing to do—all this is largely the result of blundering traditions and a confused nomenclature; when it springs from any more pardonable cause, it comes from looking at the Teutonic settlement in Britain by itself, and not as part of the great Wandering of the Nations. Looked at in this last point of view, we see how different a shape was taken by our share in that great movement from the share taken by our kinsfolk on the mainland. When we see how Teutonic invasion worked in those lands in which it really was no more than some tell us that it was in Britain, then, and not till then, shall we see how different a thing it really was in Britain. Such then was the path which I had chalked out, a path which I had hoped to plod along steadily and in peace. But it hardly does to wait in this way, it may be for years and it may be for ever, under the present circumstances of the case. We have long been told very loudly in many quarters that the so-called “Teutonic theory” of early English history, the theory, I would again say, that we are ourselves and not somebody else, is altogether worn out, that it is a thing dead and gone, an old wives’ fable, to which only a few such survivals and fossils as your Regius Professor would think of

¹ I got this curious phrase from a local pamphlet, in which “the savagery of Goths and Anglo-Saxons” is contrasted with the “humanity of Greeks and Romans.” The state of mind which is revealed by such a way of speaking is really worth a few moments’ thought. It is to be hoped that its author is provided with a pedigree of his own entitling him to the wearing of a golden *rétrif*.

cleaving. Late discussions have made this cry rise louder than ever. We are told that the judgement of science, the witness of science, is against us. The witness of speech, a thing that may change, must yield to the witness of the skull that cannot change.¹ Our own heads bewray us, telling all mankind that we are somebody else and not ourselves. An eminent man of science, who, when he chooses, can deal very well with history also, is held to have settled everything by saying that the doctrine that "the English nation is almost wholly Teutonic" is a "baseless notion."² Against such a sentence as this, I could only put in a feeble appeal in arrest of judgement. I could only ask that we might be allowed to wait till we had more fully defined the word "English," the word "Teutonic," and the qualifying word "almost."

In this controversy, as in all others, the first thing is that each side should know what it means itself and what the other side means. I believe that, if this rule were always followed, there would be much fewer controversies than there are. Now I who speak to you am always talked about as the strongest supporter—some, I believe, call me the inventor—of this supposed "Teutonic theory;" yet I believe that, if we really came to understand one another, there would be found to be little or no difference as to facts between me and the eminent man of science who speaks so scornfully of all Teutonic theories. He and I are looking at the matter from two wholly different points of view; we speak two different languages; the points that he wishes to establish are of very little importance to me, and the points that I wish to establish are of very little importance to him. Let me try an illustration of our several positions. Who, I would ask you, was the father of the first Augustus? A Roman lawyer would have answered that the divine Augustus was the son of the

¹ See the Address of Mr. Sayce to the Anthropological Section of the British Association at Manchester, Oct. 1887. I shall come more fully to this in my second lecture.

² See Mr. Huxley's letter in the *Times*, Oct. 12, 1887.

divine Julius. A Roman physician must have answered that Gaius Octavius, by adoption Cæsar, was the son of another Gaius Octavius, of no very great renown. If either had charged the other with error and had gone about to convince him,*they might have argued for ever. The lawyer and the physician had no dispute as to matters of fact; but they spoke different languages, and looked at things from different points of view. In the one word *adoption* lies the key¹ to the whole matter. A very important word it is in the history both of persons and of nations. It enables us to say that, while, as a truth of natural science, there is no manner of doubt that the younger Gaius Octavius was the son of the elder, yet, as a matter of law, and as a matter of history too, it is far truer to say that he was the son of the great Dictator. That one Gaius Octavius was by natural birth the son of another was a matter of no importance whatever beyond the bounds of the *gens Octavia*; that the divine Augustus was, in the eye of the law of Rome, the son of the divine Julius is a fact which has influenced the history of the world perhaps more than any one secular event since the first calling of the Roman city into being. I know not whether there was any difference between the skulls and the hair of the Octavii and the Julii. It was perhaps no more than becoming that the plebeians of Velitræ should differ in some physical respect from the patrician children of Aphroditê and Anchisês. Only, if so, the divine Augustus, once Octavius, with his Octavian skull and Octavian hair, was none the less, for my purpose, for the purposes of history, for all the later destinies of the world, as true a Julius as if the divine ichor from Mount Ida had physically flowed in his veins.¹

Herein is a parable of the nations. I must again refer to myself. Has anybody read the Essay on Race and

¹ Of course some drops of it must have come to him through Julia, mother of his mother Atia, and that so it was was doubtless the reason of his adoption. But the succession of a Roman *gens* took no heed to female descent, and an adoption was just as good in the case of an utter stranger.

Language in the third series of my Historical Essays?¹ It is very stiff reading; so perhaps nobody has. Nobody at least here; for again my American friends have printed it in a little book; so I suppose some of them have read it. And here in Oxford some days back I knew of one man who had read it; but he has since started for the land, I believe, of Caphtor and Chittim. Well, I will tell you some of its contents, which may perhaps amaze any one who knows my views only by what clever writers in the newspapers think good arbitrarily to assume my views to be. In that essay I strive at some length to show that no man now living can be certain that he springs in the male line, that no man not the descendant of a king can be certain that he springs in the female line, from any of the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes who landed in Britain in the fifth and sixth centuries. And I strive further to show that it is impossible to prove that any of those Angles, Saxons, and Jutes came of the physical stock of the first Aryans who set forth from the East—it was the East then, and, if it is now the proper thing to say the North, it makes not the slightest difference to my argument. Nay more, I strive further to show that there is nothing to prove that these same first Aryans were in any way of kindred blood to one another; I suggest that they may, for ought we can tell, have been a mere accidental company of fellow-travellers. That is what I have really written, what I wrote more than ten years ago. Now I cannot help thinking that some even here present may be a little surprised to hear that I have written that. Yet there too that what I have written is printed in more than one book; any one who likes can go and read it. And it has, I must think, a fairly scientific sound. I think that, after saying that, I need not feel disturbed if my own skull should be proved to be of the strictest Iberian type, or if it can be proved that the skulls of Cerdic and Cissa were of altogether different shapes from mine and from one another.

¹ Historical Essays, Third Series, p. 173.

Be it so; from my point of view, Cerdic and Cissa and I myself will remain Englishmen all the same, English at least in that practical historic sense in which the divine Augustus was a Cæsar.

It is, I think, no more than is reasonable that I, or any other man, should be judged by what he himself has said and written, not by what somebody else may have said or written, still less by what somebody, some very clever man of course, may choose to say in the newspapers that either I or the other man has written. Now I see constantly put into my own mouth very strange things, things which I am sure that I never wrote or said or thought. Has none of you heard of me as one who holds that we English are all of us of unmixed Teutonic blood—whatever Teutonic blood may be—and that our forefathers in the fifth and sixth centuries slew or drove out every single Briton, perhaps not within the four seas of the island, but at least within that part of the island which has for many ages been known as England? Listen then on the other hand, if only for a moment or two, to what I have really said on this matter. In the second chapter of my *History of the Norman Conquest*¹ I touched briefly on the subject on which I have already said something to-day and which I hope some day to treat far more fully, the difference in the nature of Teutonic conquest in Britain and in Gaul. I will read you a few sentences which bear directly on this matter of the rooting out of the Britons. In that chapter I say;

"Though the literal extirpation of a nation is an impossibility, there is every reason to believe that the Celtic inhabitants of those parts of Britain which had become English at the end of the sixth century had been as nearly extirpated as a nation can be. The women would doubtless be often spared; but, as far as the male sex is concerned, we may feel sure that death, emigration, or personal slavery were the only alternatives which the vanquished found at the hands of our fathers."

Here is a statement for which I am really answerable, and I think it is very different from the statements which

¹ *Norman Conquest*, i. p. 18, third ed.

you may have seen here and there put into my mouth. I used the word "extirpation;" in another edition I will try and use some other; for "extirpation" is "Neo-Latin," and it savours of that "Renaissance" which, you all know, it is my business, and the business of some others, to reverse.¹ But, if I have used the word, I have carefully qualified it. I have said that literal extirpation is impossible; I have said that women largely survived, that many men survived as slaves. That is, I say that, even in Kent and Sussex, the Britons were not wholly destroyed, that even in Kent and Sussex the blood of the English settlers was from the beginning not wholly pure. And such extirpation, or approach to extirpation, as I assert for certain parts of England I no less emphatically deny for other parts. I limit its operation both in time and in space. I confine it to those parts of England which were conquered before the end of the sixth century. That is, I shut out large districts of the north-west and south-west; I shut out, above all, the great peninsula that stretches from the Mendip Hills to the Land's End. On this last fact, on the fact that, to say nothing of undoubtedly British Cornwall, a large British element did survive in Devonshire and Somerset, I have insisted over and over again. For it is one of the pillars of my doctrine. I have used the contrast between those districts and the more strictly Teutonic districts to the East in the same way, on a smaller scale, in which I have used the contrast between the Teutonic settlements in Gaul and those in Britain. I have used the manifest fact that there was no extirpation in one region as a proof that there was something tending towards extirpation in another. And yet, so oddly is controversy sometimes carried on, that I have more than once had this special fact of mine, one of my choicest pet facts, thrown in

¹ In the pamphlet already referred to, those who held the English language to be worthy of scientific study alongside of the older Aryan tongues were charged with designs against "the Renaissance," to which they would most likely be ready to plead guilty.

my teeth as an argument against me. I have been asked, How can you say that all the Britons were extirpated throughout England when it is plain that they were not extirpated in certain parts, say Cumberland or Devonshire? A searching question indeed to one who had said that all the Britons were extirpated throughout England, but not very trying to one who had only said that they were partly extirpated in part of England. But I repeat that this Neo-Latin word "extirpated" is a bad word. I do penance so far. And looking at what I wrote twenty years ago, at what was reprinted for the last time ten years ago, I think I would now go a little further than the survival of slaves and women. Let me read to you another passage from a later writing of mine. It is from my lectures delivered in America in the winter of 1881-1882, that is just half-way between the publication of the last edition of the Norman Conquest and the present day. They too are printed in an American book, but I believe that some few people in this island have seen them. They contain, I suspect, nothing new, but I hope some things true, and they contain the latest saying for which I am answerable in this matter of getting rid of Britons. You will mark that in this passage I try another Neo-Latin word instead of "extirpation," and that I give the Britons, even in Kent and Sussex, another chance beyond what I gave them in the earlier work. Here then is my American utterance;

"The plain fact is that, in utter contrast to the phenomena of Teutonic conquest on the mainland, the Britons were, as a race, exterminated within those parts of Britain which the English occupied while they were still heathens. I call your attention to this last qualification; . . . I call your attention also to the word *exterminate*. That is one of a class of words which I never use when I can help it; but I use it in this case, because it expresses what I wish to insist on, and leaves open what I wish to leave open. How far in any particular district the vanquished were slain, how far they were simply driven out, we never can tell. It is enough that they were *exterminated*, got rid of in one way or another, within what now became the English border. And I say exterminated *as a race*. No one could have ever said or believed, I am sure that I never said or believed, that every single British man, still less that every single British woman, was exterminated in either sense. In such cases some lucky ones among the conquered always

contrive to make terms with the conquerors. At the other end, some, whether we call them lucky or unlucky, are spared to be the slaves of the conquered. And women, in all such cases, are largely spared. . . . My proposition simply is that none of these things happened to such a degree as really to affect the practical purity of our Teutonic national being. We must have taken in some Celtic infusion; we may likely enough have taken in some other infusions of other kinds. All that I maintain is that we took in no such infusion so great as to make us another people in our second home from what we were in our first home. The simple facts of language, of nomenclature, of law and custom, prove that, though we cannot claim an impossible purity of blood, we can claim as near an approach to it as any other people that has played a considerable part in the world's history. . . . We are as pure as the High-Germans; we are far purer than the French. We are not a *Mischvolk*, drawing its blood mainly from one source, while it draws its language from another source, and its national name from a third."¹

I have here spoken more at large on some points than I did in the earlier passages, because in the later I am in some sort answering objections which had sprung up. I have done so also, because in the Lectures to American Audiences, as in the essay on Race and Language, the discussion of many general points was in place which would have been less in place in the second chapter of the Norman Conquest, a mere introductory sketch, please to remember, of a time far earlier than that which forms the main subject of the book. Very fully in Race and Language, to some extent in the American Lectures, I go into the question as to what constitutes a race or a nation, taking the word *race* to mean something wider than the word *nation*; as we say the *Teutonic race* and the *English nation*. I there try to show, as I have already said, that it is impossible to prove an original community of blood in any race or nation, and that, granting such original community of blood, adoptions, intermarriages, and the like, have always taken place to such an extent as to destroy any claim on the part of any nation to physical purity of blood. I have said distinctly that no nation can make out its pedigree by such evidence as would satisfy either a lawyer or a physiologist. I argued that the greater the part a nation played in the affairs of the world, the further it was likely to be from ideal purity

¹ Lectures to American Audiences, p. 133.

of blood, and that the English people in both hemispheres had played such a part as to entitle it to a large departure from such ideal purity. Yet I argued that the English are a nation, that they are, on both sides of Ocean, the same people which in the fifth century began to cross from the European mainland to the British island, and which in the seventeenth century began to cross from the British island to the American mainland. How then is such a nation to be defined? As I understand the case, the best analogy, as I have already suggested, as I worked out more fully in *Race and Language*,¹ is the Roman *gens*. In the Roman *gens* we must not assume any actual community of blood among all its members. On the other hand, we must not look on the *gens* as a purely artificial association from which the idea of community of blood is shut out. The *gens* starts from the idea of a family; it is in its beginning either a real family or an artificial family. The earliest *gentes* must have been real families; some of the later ones may have been, as was the case with some associations in the cities of mediæval Italy, artificial gatherings after the pattern of real families. But even in those *gentes* which began as real families, the practice of adoption, to go no further, must soon have destroyed all physical purity of descent. "Ab Æmilio homine Æmilii."² Perhaps Æmilius—he should surely rather have been Æmilus—was a real forefather; perhaps he was only a personage invented because an *epónymos* was the right thing. In either case there must have been plenty of Æmilii, who were for all practical purposes as good Æmilii as the rest, but who had no drop of the blood of the first Æmilius in their veins.

So it is with nations. When we speak of Greeks, English, any other nation, we do not mean, we have never meant, to assert anything about physical purity of blood, because absolute physical purity of blood is unlikely in itself, and in any case it cannot be proved. By Greeks or English or

¹ Historical Essays, Third Series, p. 195.

² Varro, Ling. Lat. viii.

any other such name, we mean that company of men, however formed, to which the name of Greek or English historically belongs. We cannot prove any original community of blood; but the practical likelihood always is that such a company did at first start from real community of blood. The nation began as a real family or collection of families. But, by the working of that principle of legal fictions of which Sir Henry Maine has taught us so much, the various forms of adoption, the substitution of legal for physical descent, the grant of citizenship to friends and enemies, presently destroyed all claim to unmixed purity of blood. There was no longer any certainty that any particular member physically belonged to the original stock. It might be proved that he did, if his pedigree was preserved; failing that, the point was uncertain. But what then? The adopted stranger had for all practical purposes become a member, an artificial member but still a real member, of the *gens*, the nation, or whatever the company was. He had made their speech, their traditions, their thoughts, their whole life, his own; unless somebody measured his skull and found it unlike theirs, no one would ever guess that perhaps, after all, there was no physical community between him and his fellows. And I would not venture to say that this constant intercommunion through many generations may not have had some effect on the body as well as on the mind. The science even of skulls is still in its infancy; it is perhaps better not to be over-positive about it; but let it be as the most zealous votary of skulls may wish. Let it be that many so-called Englishmen, many who are Englishmen for all historical and all practical purposes, have British or even Iberian skulls. What follows? The whole thing is merely a question of degree. The discovery at the outside comes to this, that, while we have all along said that there was some foreign mixture in the Greek, the English, or any other nation, that foreign mixture is now shown to be somewhat greater than we had thought. The physiological discovery has its value as a physiological dis-

covery; it has to be considered and weighed as to what it proves and what it does not prove in its historic bearing. The main thing that to me it seems to do is very strongly to confirm those views of national being which I set forth ten years ago. If the real historic life of a nation is, as I have always maintained, something independent of, something higher than, any mere physical community of blood, the strength of that historic life is simply proved to be greater than we had thought, it is shown to have had yet greater power than we had believed of adopting and assimilating and working into its own essence those foreign elements the existence of which in some measure or other no one that I know of has ever denied. Here is a certain company of men called a nation. What we have always held has been that in such a nation there commonly is a certain element which is more than an element, something which is its real kernel, its real essence, something which attracts and absorbs all other elements, so that the other elements are not co-ordinate elements but mere infusions into a whole which is already in being. The utmost that recent discoveries comes to is that such infusions may have been greater than we had thought. But what follows? Surely that the original mass that absorbed and assimilated those foreign elements must have had even greater strength than we had thought it had. If after adopting so many Britons, so many Iberians, we remain Englishmen none the less, surely a new witness is brought to the strength of the English life within us, a life which can thus do the work of the alchymist and change every foreign element into its own English being.

What I have said of the English nation applies to not a few others. It has been a great part of my business to call attention to the existence and importance of the artificial Greek nation. In some of my published lectures here I have tried to trace out the various degrees—I called them the various zones—of Greek influence, the original Greek nation itself, the neighbouring nations which we may look

upon as having become thoroughly Greek by adoption, and so on, through various shades, down to the faint varnish of Greek culture which was spread over the realm, or, at least over the court, of the philhellenic kings of Parthia.¹ I claimed my own Sikels, I claimed the worshippers of Dêmêtêr and her Child on the Sikel hill of Henna, I claimed the man who planned his Hellenic history on the other Sikel hill of Agyrion,² I claimed the Macedonian and the Epeirot—the armed missionary of Greek life in the East and its armed missionary in the West—as having all been fully brought within the Greek pale, as having become fully entitled for all historic purposes to the honours of the Greek name. But I have never committed myself to any doctrine about the skulls of any of them; I do not profess to know whether the skull of Diodôros of Agyrion was of exactly the same shape as the skull of Herodotus of Halikarnassos; I do not know whether the facial angle of Attalos of Pergamon was like or unlike that of Periklês of Athens. It may be that the evidence either of rifled graves or of plundered sculptures may enable other inquirers to give an answer to both these questions; I have simply never looked on them as coming within my range of research. All that I wished to prove I could prove without them; all that it was my business to assert, in no way contradicted, and was in no way contradicted by, any conclusions that might be come to on such points. This matter of an artificial Greek nation is really one of the deepest moment with regard to the hopes as well as the memories of South-Eastern Europe. From that side of it I have now been at work at it for more than thirty years. I have been told over and over again that the Greeks for whose freedom I have striven, as far as a single private man can strive, are no Greeks at all, but something

¹ Chief Periods of European History, pp. 14, 15.

² It is always worth remembering that Diodôros, emphatically “of Sicily”—Diodorus Siculus,—as a man of Sikel Agyrion, was strictly “Siculus,” *Σικελός*, not *Σικελιώτης*.

else, Albanians, Slaves, Latins, for ought I know, Turks. I have always answered that such minute genealogical researches lie outside the range of practical politics, that they are matters for the pedant and the sentimentalist, for the man who dwells only in the past, not for the man who knows how to grapple with the living problems of his own time. I have always answered that, be a man's forefathers who they may, he is for all practical purposes a Greek who is Greek by speech and Greek by religion. When I have been told that men in Corfu or Zakynthos had no right to speak for Greek freedom because they themselves bore Venetian names, I have asked back again whether a man in England who chances to bear a Norman name has been thereby always debarred from speaking a word or striking a blow on behalf of English freedom. Or let us go back to an earlier stage. I spoke of an original Greek nation, the kernel, in my view, round which all the adopted elements have gathered. But it would seem from the latest discoveries that, in the physiological sense, there was no original Greek nation at all. The last thing I have heard about it is that either the Ionians or the Dorians have been proved by their skulls to be non-Aryan. I really do not remember which way it is, and from my point of view, it matters very little. If in the earliest days of the Greek nation, Dorians assimilated Ionians or Ionians assimilated Dorians, they only did what the whole formed by their union did afterwards, when they assimilated Sikels, Thesprotians, Macedonians. I neither assert nor deny the proposition; I only say that, if we are to accept it, all that follows is that we must put the beginning of the process which formed the artificial Greek nation, that is the Greek nation that now is, a few centuries earlier than we had thought.

I am in truth really at a loss to see in what way the new physiological discoveries, and their application to the relations of nations, in any way contradict anything that I, or any one who looks at things as I do, have ever said about

the relations between English and Britons or between any one nation and any other. I do not feel called on to deny a single proposition of theirs; I do not see why they should feel called on to deny a single proposition of mine. Some of the propositions are, I confess, a little startling; some, I may say, have long been familiar to me. I am not, I must confess, good at what are called types, but I did, years ago, notice for myself, as Tacitus¹ or his informants noticed much earlier, an Iberian type in South Wales. And on its presence I founded a theory which I will not speak of here, because there may be some South-Welshmen—I am glad to see there is at least one—here present. But it must be remembered that, twenty years ago, these questions had not come to the front as they have come since. It is likely enough that, if as much had been talked about skulls when the second chapter of the History of the Norman Conquest was written as has been talked since, I might have worded what I said somewhat differently. That is to say, I should certainly not have put forth any view different from that which I did put forth; but I might have added something to show that that view in no way clashed with any physiological theory. Twenty years ago there was really no need to do anything of the kind. But a theory of an extermination of Britons, universal or anything like universal, throughout the whole of England, I assuredly never did put forth. A dweller in a district where large Celtic traces still survive, and the survival of which traces is one of the main pillars of his whole teaching, is not likely to put forth such a doctrine as that. One whose house is on the slope of *Ben Knoll*, who looks out on *Penhill* and *Pennard*, on *Creech Hill* and *Crook's Peak*,² to whom the Celtic *combe* is as familiar a word as the Teutonic *dale* is

¹ Tacitus, *Agricola*, II.

² Both the *creech* and the *crook* in these local names, words which have no English meaning, are held to be corruptions of the Welsh *craig*. Thus *Ben Knoll*, *Crook's Peak*, *Creech Hill*, are all examples of the coupling of names meaning the same thing in different languages. Each is a *Montegibello* on a small scale.

to a Yorkshireman, is of all men the least likely to set forth such a doctrine as that the Briton was utterly swept away throughout the whole of what we now call England. A man whose own land is bounded—I have put the fact in print before¹—by the boundary stream which parts the last land in the West won by the heathen English, the last conquest in those lands that wrought mere havoc, from the first conquest of the Christian English, the first conquest that carried with it mere political subjection, is not likely to forget the difference between the two. But when a man's statements are taken apart from the qualifications by which he has carefully guarded them, any man may be made to say anything. And if I did not, twenty years ago, make any reference to discoveries and theories which were then hardly known and which bore but very indirectly on my immediate subject, I did, when they had more fully come to the front, deal largely with their relation to my more general subject in a special essay, that on Race and Language. I claim, as a matter of common fairness, that all that I have said elsewhere shall be understood according to the principles laid down in that Essay. That is, when I speak of races and nations in the practical and historical sense, I say nothing for or against any physiological theory whatever. As I do not bind myself to accept, still less am I in any way called on to dispute, the last discoveries as to skulls brachycephalic and dolichocephalic. I would only say; let them wait a bit, before we are called on positively to subscribe to them; meanwhile we are in no way called on to dispute them.

I have thus, I hope, made good my own position. But I have found it impossible to do that and to deal worthily with certain other positions within the compass of a single lecture. I would therefore bid you again next Thursday, at this same place and hour, when I trust to deal more in detail with certain recent utterances which have naturally drawn to themselves a good deal of attention, and which

¹ Norman Conquest, vol. v. p. ix.

might easily be thought to tell against some things which I have always maintained. On the particular points which have been lately discussed I will say nothing to-day. My work of to-day will have been done if I have made it clear that no one that I know of ever maintained a literal extirpation of the Britons throughout all England, but that some have maintained, and, as I hold, rightly maintained, that there was, within certain bounds of time and space, what we may fairly call a displacement for all historical purposes of the British folk by the English. And I would again add that the true nature of such displacement may be best understood by comparing our very small knowledge of the settlement of the Angles and Saxons in Britain with our far wider knowledge of the settlement of the Franks in Gaul.

LECTURE II.

IN my former lecture I showed, at least I hope so, that the doctrine which I will once more put epigrammatically, that we are ourselves and not somebody else, that the English folk is the English folk and not some other, in no way implies a belief in the literal destruction of every Briton throughout the land which became England. I strove further to show that that doctrine contained nothing which in the slightest degree contradicted any discoveries which physiological science might come to in the matter of skulls or other physical characteristics of this or that nation. I tried further to point out what was the true historic conception of a nation, how far it did, and how far it did not, imply community of blood in its members. I tried further to show that the phenomena of Britain could be rightly understood only by contrasting them with the opposite phenomena of Gaul. I wish now to deal more in detail with certain things which have been lately said on this matter under circumstances which are likely to clothe them with unusual authority. One of my own colleagues here, not indeed in his character of a professor in this University, but in what the world at large may perhaps deem a higher character—at any rate it has a longer description—in the character of President of the Anthropological Section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, has, in his discourse at Manchester, treated of many things, some of which concern me to-day, and some do not. Since that discourse was made, there has been a great deal of discussion in the newspapers, mostly on points which do not concern me, but partly on points which do. There was that very emphatic letter in the *Times* from no less a person

than Mr. Huxley which I referred to in my previous lecture.¹ On that I ventured to say a few words in the same paper, not so much by way of controversy as by way of arrest of judgement. Since then some elaborate papers on the races of Britain have appeared in the same quarter,² setting forth with some fulness the results, or supposed results, of modern discoveries with regard to the physical features of those races. Now in the original discourse at Manchester there was a great deal of matter, perhaps the most generally exciting matter, about which I have just now nothing to say. For the purposes of these two lectures I am altogether indifferent to all questions as to the original seats of the primitive Aryans. I am very far from being indifferent to such questions in themselves; they are of the deepest interest to all who wish to know anything of the early history of Europe; but they do not touch our subject of to-day. All that I shall say to-day, all that I said last Thursday, is just as sound or just as unsound, whether the first Aryans came from the East or from the North. All that I have to take for granted is that there is a certain class of people, distinguished in some way from other classes, to whom we give the arbitrary name of Aryans, and that within that class there is a certain smaller class to which we give the equally arbitrary name of Teutons. Indeed I am not quite sure that I need think of Aryans at all, or take anything for granted about them. I suspect that it is enough for my purpose that I take for granted that there is, or was, a certain class of people, distinguished in some way from other classes, to whom we give the arbitrary name of Teutons. That is to say, we give them that name in high-polite scientific language; but the name savours a little of Neo-Latin and of a *Renaissance* earlier than that of the fifteenth century; I am always happier when I am with those among whom I can venture to speak of ourselves and our kinsfolk by the kindlier name of *Thiodisc*,

¹ See above, p. 71.

² See the *Times* of October 11 and 25, 1887.

Deutsch, Dutch. Granting then my Teutons or Dutch as a distinct race among men—whatever we mean by race—I have to maintain these propositions.

First, That certain bodies, tribes or nations as we choose to call them, belonging to this Teutonic or Dutch race, tribes or nations known as Angles, Saxons, and Jutes—perhaps other names might be added—did in the fifth and sixth centuries settle in the isle of Britain, and conquered and occupied a large part of that island.

Second, That within a large part of the land which they conquered and occupied they slew, drove out, or enslaved, those whom they found dwelling there to so great extent that we may fairly say that one people was displaced by another.

Third, That within certain other districts which they conquered and occupied, we cannot speak of displacement of one people by another; we must rather say that the conquered people were so largely mingled with the conquerors and assimilated by them that they may be fairly looked on as becoming members of the conquering nation by adoption.

Fourth, That the Teutonic settlers of the fifth and sixth centuries are the essence of the existing English nation—that any other elements in that nation are not co-ordinate elements but mere infusions into an existing body—that the continuity of national life between those settlers and the existing English nation has never been broken—that their language, their laws, and all that makes up national life, have been largely modified from foreign sources, but that their continuous being has never been broken—that the language, above all, brought into Britain by the settlers of the fifth and sixth centuries, though it has been largely modified by foreign infusion, still keeps its unbroken being and its essential character, and has never at any time been exchanged for any other language.

Such are the propositions to which my arguments of last Thursday tended, put into a more definite shape. I think that you will allow that my present propositions are essen-

tially the same as those which I quoted to you from earlier works of mine and for which alone I am answerable. I have nothing to do with certain other propositions which were never made by me or by any one who takes the same view of things that I do. Whether they were ever seriously made by anybody else I am not called on to inquire. Our business to-day is to examine more minutely than we did last Thursday whether there is anything in the new discoveries, above all whether there is anything in the setting forth of them made at Manchester, which at all tends to overthrow the propositions that I have drawn out. That Mr. Sayce is not here I deeply regret; but that I could not help. But I had some talk with him on the matter before he set out for Cyprus, and I have to thank him for a copy of his discourse in its most improved shape.

The part then of the Manchester address which concerns me begins thus; ¹

"A few years ago it was the fashion to assert that the English people were mainly Teutonic in origin, and that the older British population had been exterminated in the protracted struggle it carried on with the heathen hordes of Anglo-Saxon invaders."

Now I did not know that any such assertion had ever been "fashionable." I have always found the "fashion" the other way. My difficulty has always been to persuade people that there was any difference between British and English, to make them see that the men who withstood Cæsar and the men who withstood William were not simply the same folk, speaking I suppose the same tongue. I have had to strive with those who were clearly in the same mind as the painter Haydon when he drew "Alfred and the first British Jury." I have had sometimes to strive with those who seemed to think that Arthur and Ælfred were themselves the same man. But let us look to this alleged fashionable assertion; let us turn it about, let us see what it means, and whether anybody ever made it. The first part of it is that "the English people are mainly

¹ Address, p. 8.

Teutonic in origin." There is a sense in which I should gladly accept this saying, a sense in which I should refuse it, a sense in which I should say that my studies here have nothing to do with the matter. What is meant by "Teutonic"? what is meant by "origin"? If to say that "the English people are mainly Teutonic in origin" means a doctrine that there is some specially Teutonic shape of skull, common to Arminius, Ataulf, and Frederick Barbarossa, but different from the skulls of Cassivelaunus and Gruffydd ab Llywelyn, and further that the present English people are mainly descended, physically descended, from people who had skulls of that specially Teutonic shape, I can only say that I never made any such proposition, and that I do not know that anybody else ever made it. I shall certainly not assert such a proposition, because I do not see how it can possibly be proved. Neither will I deny it, because I at least cannot disprove it. Again, if by the English people being mainly of Teutonic origin, there should be meant, as people seem sometimes to understand by such phrases, some special connexion with the existing High-German nation and language, some notion that we are a younger branch of that nation, that our language is "derived" from theirs or perhaps is a corruption of theirs or a jumble of theirs with some other tongue, that proposition I should emphatically deny. And let no one say that it is too absurd to deny, because many people practically believe it, even though they may not put the doctrine into a formal shape. But if the words mean no more than I set forth last Thursday, no more than I have put into a more formal shape to-day, I can only say that I have never had the good luck to find such a doctrine fashionable, but that I must still maintain that in that sense, the only sense that I have to do with, "the English people are mainly Teutonic in origin." And further, I cannot see how that proposition, guarded as I have guarded it, clashes with any doctrine about skulls to which inquirers in that line of study may come.

The remainder of the sentence which I quoted is more remarkable. The doctrine lately fashionable is said to have been that "the elder British population had been exterminated in the protracted struggle it carried on with the heathen hordes of Anglo-Saxon invaders." What "elder British population"? As there is no qualification or limitation of any kind, the words would be most naturally understood of the British population of the whole island. But I cannot believe that a few years ago it was fashionable to deny the existence of Welshmen. I at least have never come across any one who held so singular a doctrine. At any rate, no one, with the facts of the day before his eyes, can hold it now. But perhaps one ought to supply a limitation which the speaker does not supply, and to understand the words, not of all Britain, but only of England in the narrowest sense. Let it be so, I am not touched; no one who thinks with me is touched. I need hardly repeat again that I not only admit, but that I most strongly insist on, the survival of a large British element in a large part of what we now call England. But I do remember that some years back a newspaper writer, a clever newspaper writer, argued against me that the population of Devonshire was much more Teutonic than I was inclined to make it.¹ Possibly this may be the fashionable doctrine intended; if so, I at least am not answerable for the sayings of those who argue against me. Or it may be that a limitation lurks in the phrase "heathen hordes of Anglo-Saxon invaders." The adjective "heathen" may be meant to confine the extermination of the elder British population to the heathen period of English conquest. That is what I have always done; so it may be that I and the President of the Anthropological Section at Manchester so far mean the same thing. But if so, I really think that the case might be put more clearly; I even think that I have often put it more clearly. I am sure that most readers would take the

¹ I cannot give an exact reference to these papers; they were in the *Pall-Mall Gazette* in its elder shape.

word "heathen" as a strengthening, not as a limiting, adjective. It may have been different with hearers at Manchester; the living voice may have given the proper emphasis; but I am sure that any one, merely reading the printed page, would understand the words as meaning simply to lay stress on the heathen state of these Anglo-Saxon hordes when they landed, perhaps as giving a reason why, blind heathens that they were, they exterminated people. He would hardly take it as meaning that they landed as heathens, that they exterminated as long as they remained heathens, that they afterwards became Christians, and then left off exterminating. If the adjective "heathen" implies all this, it would seem that the scientific language of the British Association is like the Turkish language in Molière's comedy; it says a great deal in a few words.

Well, I think we may say that this fashionable doctrine of the extermination of the elder British population has never been really taught by any one. I at least have never taught it, even in Kent or East-Anglia, without some marked qualification. But let us go on to the arguments by which this doctrine, this, I venture to say, imaginary doctrine, is refuted. Some of them are very curious. The first touches me most keenly. Nobody is so susceptible as a poet, and the first argument, though you might not have expected it, touches me as a poet, at least as a translator of poetry.

"The statement in the Saxon Chronicle was quoted that the garrison of Anderida, or Pevensey, when captured by the Saxons in A.D. 491, were all put to the sword. But it is obvious that the fact would not have been singled out for special mention, had it not been exceptional."

Now there is something very odd in this picture of a Saxon Chronicler, sitting down, like a grave critical historian, to single out facts for special mention, because they were exceptional." I have heard several theories of the compilation of the Chronicles, but I do not remember any that put the process exactly in this light. But I do

grant that there is something exceptional in the passage. It is undoubtedly the grandest case of killing and slaying recorded in the whole story, and there is an exceptional reason why it should be. As a case of killing and slaying, the summary of the President of the Anthropological Section does but scant justice to it. He distinctly undervalues the exterminating powers of the heathen hordes of Anglo-Saxon invaders. Put a garrison to the sword—Does any one think that our forefathers stopped at that? Why many a Spanish army, many a French army, in later times could do that much. Gibbon, though he seems to have got at his English only through a Latin crib, better understood the “expression so dreadful in its simplicity”¹—“Her Ælle and Cissa ymbsætan Andredeſceaster, and ofslogon ealle þa ðe þær inne wæran. þæt þær ne wearð furðum án Bryt to lafe.” Garrison forsooth! They slew all that were within the *chester*, so that not a Bret was left. Here is extermination indeed; but we are told that it was exceptional, so exceptional that it struck the mind of the Chronicler and that he specially recorded it. In a sense this is true; the entry does stand by itself, because it is the one clear case, at this stage of the history, of a Roman *chester* taken by storm. The only other case the least like it is the taking of Wiltgaresbyrig in 530, when also many men were slain, but where it is not said whether any were left or not. But that is a good deal later, and Wiltgaresbyrig is not so certainly a Roman *chester* as Andredeſceaster. In the storm of a town an universal massacre can take place; in a battle in the field, where some are sure to run away, it hardly can. The truth is that we have in this entry a scrap or a summary of an ancient poem preserved in a Latin shape by Henry of Huntingdon. So I firmly hold, notwithstanding some late objections;² but I cannot argue that point just now. If any one fails to hear in the Latin prose of the Archdeacon a ring, a feeble ring, if you

¹ Chap. xxxviii. note 142.

² Liebermann, *Forschungen zur Deutschen Geschichte*, viii. 224.

please, of the grand old war-song, but as near an approach to its ancient rhythm as we hear in his version of the Song of Brunanburh—why, I cannot argue with him. At the Lewes meeting of the Archaeological Institute in 1883, I ventured to try to put back the Song of Anderida into something like its ancient shape;¹ but, as I felt scruples about quoting my own prose, I feel scruples still stronger about reciting to you from this chair something which I myself put into a shape which approaches to the nature of verse. Yet here is a piece of it;

And when the burghers,
Worn with long hunger,
No more could thole
The weight of storming,
With the sword's edge
All were smitten,
Wives too and bairns,
Not one was left.²

The slaughter was exceptional, because wives and bairns within the walls of a stormed town had not that chance of fleeing like fire which a defeated army has on a field of battle, and which we read elsewhere that the Welsh did before the English.³ After all, this indiscriminate slaughter is no more than the Romans did at New Carthage and at a crowd of other places. It is not in truth quite so much, for the Romans slew, not the garrison only, as our fathers are misrepresented to have done, not only the wives and bairns, but the dogs and every living creature that they met in the streets.⁴ To be sure, when they were deemed to have killed enough, the general called them off. Perhaps Ælle and Cissa did not think of giving such orders; perhaps they would not have been obeyed if they had.

¹ Archaeological Journal, vol. xl. p. 327, January, 1884.

² In the Latin of Henry of Huntingdon, ii. 10, this stands; "Tunc vero cives diuturna fame contriti, cum jam pondus infestantium perferre nequirent, omnes ore gladii devorati sunt cum mulieribus et parvulis, ita quod nec unus solus evasit."

³ Chronn. 465; "Her Hengest and Æsc gefuhton wið Wealas neah Wip-pedes fleote and þær ofslogan xii. Wylic ealdormen and heora þær wearð an ofslagen þam was nama Wipped."

⁴ Polybios, x. 15.

takes the daughter of the prince of the land; here the invader by sea has his daughter ready with him, and the prince of the land takes her. And in days when digging and skull-measuring was a younger science, than it is now, it was always believed that Dr. Rolleston had set the point at rest in some of his researches. I once ventured to say that he had seen our Teutonic grandmothers.¹ Nobody ever doubted that these invaders, like all invaders, largely took the women of the conquered to themselves. I have insisted on the fact over and over again, and here it is brought forward as if it were a new discovery. British captives were doubtless largely the mothers of the present English people; it is not proved that they were their only mothers. In the great English settlement of later times it is thought honourable to be descended from Pocohontas; but nobody has argued that Pocohontas and others of her race were the only mothers of the English people in their third home.

The next point is that Mr. Coote and Mr. Seebohm have "pointed out the continuity of laws and customs and territorial rights between the Roman and the Saxon æras." Here I must crave for some indulgence. I had always meant to come to Mr. Coote some day, but, according to the scheme which I had traced out, not to-day or to-morrow. I believe I can answer him; but I certainly cannot answer him in a single sentence of a single lecture. Mr. Coote was a real scholar; a wrong-headed scholar, I must think, but still a scholar. He had read a great deal, but he had read it in a perverse kind of way. I should doubt whether it had occurred to him to make that comparison between the phenomena of Gaul and the phenomena of Britain which I hold to be the essence of the whole matter.² Mr. Seebohm too we have to thank for an instructive map

¹ Historical Essays, i. 37.

² The last of the four papers in Macmillan's Magazine to which I referred above was directly designed as an answer to Mr. Coote, but of course I could not go fully into every point.

of the parish of Hitchin and for a good deal of information about common lands. But he has not convinced me that the Teutonic invaders of Britain came from somewhere in central or southern Germany, and—what must follow if they did—that, they met somebody on the road who persuaded them that they were Angles and Saxons from the old Anglian and Saxon lands.¹ I cannot undertake to enter into Mr. Seebohm's theories now any more than into Mr. Coote's; I will throw out only two little hints. If the invaders found the land neatly and clearly meted out, I know not why they should not have kept the boundaries of an estate, even though they knocked its owner on the head. And I am yet more inclined to believe that, if they found the land tilled in a way that suited the soil, they would go on tilling it in that way, and would not bring in some other way from the old country which might very well suit northern Germany, but which would not suit southern Britain.

The next argument is in some ways the most amazing of all;

"Anthropologists have insisted that the survival of early racial types in all parts of the country cannot be accounted for by the settlement of the Bretons who followed William the Conqueror or of the Welsh who came into England when the penal laws against them were repealed by Henry VIII."

"Racial types"—I fancy the word "racial" is not even Neo-Latin; I think it has been invented in my own time; it strikes me as an ugly invention, and I certainly do not know how to form it in any language. But let that pass; I will not trouble about words. But I should like to know who it was who attributed the survival of types, or anything else, to the Bretons who followed William the Conqueror. That would be to assign a very great place in the history of mankind to Alan of Richmond and Judhael of Totnes; for the survival could hardly be the work of those

¹ I hope I am not unfair to Mr. Seebohm. The general impression given me by his ninth and tenth chapters, and specially by page 373, is that he thinks that the English came from *South* Germany. He seems not to see the difficulties which are involved in such a belief.

Breton followers of Ralph of Wader whom Lanfranc so uncivilly called "filth," and rejoiced that the King's men, French and English, had driven them out of the kingdom.¹ I can at least heartily agree with the President of the Anthropological Section in casting aside that doctrine. Only again, who ever put it forth? As for the later Welshmen, surely some came in between William and Henry, Sir David Gam and a few others, as I am happy to say that a good many more have come in in yet later times. And again, we are not to-day discussing law; but was it ever, strictly speaking, "penal" to be a Welshman? I mean at any time since the old days of Harold's legislation about Offa's dyke.² Moreover, I had somehow got into my head that the "early racial types" were now said not to be Welsh at all, but something older than Welsh; still, never mind; to anybody who ever taught the actual extermination of every single Briton or creature older than Briton, these early racial types would doubtless be a difficulty. Only how do they touch me or any one who thinks as I do? Is not "the survival of early racial types" simply putting into grander and more scientific language the fact on which I have insisted a dozen times since the beginning of these lectures and a hundred times before, the fact that some of the earlier inhabitants survived in all parts of the country, and in some parts a great many?

But now comes the great argument of all, before which the defeated Touton is to give way, and to hide himself, I suppose, in his native woods beyond the sea, if he can find three keels to take him back thither. Let us hear the words of the address;

"But the advocates of the theory of extermination have always one argument which seemed to them unanswerable, and which indeed was the origin of their theory. The language of the Anglo-Saxons contains hardly any words borrowed from Keltic. Such a fact was held to be inexplicable except on the

¹ See Lanfranc's Letters, 38 (i. 57, Giles). "*Gloria in excelsis Deo, cujus misericordia regnum vestrum purgatum est spurcitia Britonum.*"

² Norman Conquest, ii. 484.

hypothesis that the speakers of the Keltic dialects were all exterminated before any intercourse was possible between them and the invading Teuton."

Now this fairly takes away one's breath. The ground seems to be altogether changed from what it was a few minutes back. Just now the fashionable doctrine was said to be that the Britons were exterminated in a "protracted struggle." A protracted struggle would seem almost of necessity to imply some intercourse between the two sides; they come to know something about one another, and commonly to pick up a little of one another's language. But now the protracted struggle has vanished. The invading Teutons now come down like a single flash of lightning; the speakers of the Celtic dialects are all exterminated before any intercourse is possible between them and the invaders. This is truly a wonderful teaching. Only who ever taught it? Not the writers of the Chronicles, I am sure. When, under the year 501, they record that certain invading Teutons "slew a young British man very noble,"¹ there must have been intercourse, perhaps only the intercourse which goes before extermination, but still intercourse enough for the slayers to find out that the young man whom they slew was very noble. Still more sure am I that I never taught all this. I must again quote myself, though this time luckily in humble prose. After the words which I before quoted, those in which I laid down that, while the men were either killed or driven out or enslaved—do not forget the fourth chance which I gave them in my American Lectures—the "women were doubtless often spared," I go on thus;

"The nature of the small Celtic element in our language would of itself prove the fact. Nearly every Welsh word which has found its way into English expresses some small household matter, such as women and slaves would be concerned with."²

This is, I must think, a very different story from the

¹ Chronn. 501; "And ofslogon ænne gungne Brytiscne man swiðe æðelne."

² Norman Conquest, i. 19.

position that the conquered were all got rid of before the conquerors had picked up a single word of their tongue. There is, to be sure, the terrible fact that some very fargoeing Dutchmen tell me, what distresses me not a little, that there is no Celtic element in English at all. It was so pleasant to bless ourselves, if not in our store, at least in our basket, by thinking that "basket" was British "bascauda," staying straight on through all these ages. I am now told that that is all wrong, and I am sorry for it; but those who believed in that basket were at least a long way from this doctrine of extermination without exchange of a single word which we are told was fashionable a few years ago.

Now the great position which is wholly to upset us is this, that those whom the Angles and Saxons found in those parts of the island which their coming turned into England did not speak Celtic but Latin. Now this is not a proposition to be trifled with. It is a serious proposition, supported by serious arguments. I cannot say that I am as yet convinced by it; but I could not venture offhand to deny it. It needs careful examination, and, from those who are not convinced by it, it deserves a serious answer. But it is plain that I cannot go into it to-day; it must wait till its turn comes in my long journey. For the present I am satisfied that, if I should ever come to accept it, it will not at all upset my case, but will, for some purposes, greatly strengthen it.

Let it then be that the people of Britain in 449 spoke Latin as the most usual language of the country, as we know that the people of Gaul did. The facts remain the same; the contrast remains the same. In Gaul the language of the country lived through the Teutonic conquest; in Britain it died out in the process of that conquest. It died out just the same, whether it was Welsh or Latin. As we do not speak Welsh, so neither do we speak Latin, except so far as Neo-Latin has crept in among us in later times. The fact of the displacement of one language by another sup-

plies exactly the same presumption of the displacement of the speakers of one language by the speakers of the other, whether we conceive the language displaced to have been Welsh or to have been Latin. Or rather, if we conceive the language to have been Latin, it supplies the presumption in a much stronger form than if we conceive it to have been Welsh. Now I had always believed that Britain under Roman rule was much less thoroughly Romanized than Gaul was. I still think that there is something to say for that doctrine; but again I cannot say it to-day. But let us accept the new teaching; let it be that, in the words of the address at Manchester, "Roman Britain was in the condition of Roman Gaul;" if it be so, so much the better for my argument. To get rid of Latin was a much greater feat on the part of the Teutonic invaders than to get rid of Welsh. We may conceive the speakers of one uncultivated tongue exchanging that tongue for another uncultivated tongue, especially if the tongue that they adopted was the tongue of conquerors. If it be true that there is a large Iberian element surviving in England, in Wales, in Ireland, the Iberians of those lands must, at some time or other, have exchanged their Iberian speech for Celtic. But one never heard of a cultivated people, speaking a cultivated tongue, exchanging that tongue for the speech of uncultivated conquerors who were conquerors and nothing more. This is what the address supposes the Britons to have done. In the words of a sentence a little way further on, it is said that "the British population, instead of being exterminated, lived under and by the side of their Teutonic invaders." This brings us at once back to the argument which is at the root of the whole matter, to the contrast on which I have to insist on at every moment. If the British population lived on by the side of their Teutonic invaders, then they were in exactly the same case as the Gaulish population—I should rather say the Roman population of Gaul. Teutonic conquest was essentially the same thing in Britain that it was in Gaul. Why then were its results so different

in the two countries? Why were its results in Britain so different from what they were in any other country?¹ How was it that the provincials of Gaul, living by the side of their Teutonic invaders, kept their language, their religion, their whole framework of society, while the provincials of Britain, in exactly the same case, lost theirs? The argument that I have used from the beginning is greatly strengthened if we suppose Latin to be the language spoken by the men thus living side by side with their conquerors. Those who thus lived side by side with their conquerors in Gaul, in Spain, in Lombardy, kept their language. Why did those who were in exactly the same case in Britain lose theirs? I answer once more, because the people of Britain did not live by the side of their conquerors in the same way that the people of Gaul or Spain or Italy—because in Britain there was a real displacement of one people by another, while in Gaul, Spain, and Italy there was not.

Now at this point of the argument extremes meet. I regretted that I had lately been deprived of my two or three Celtic words in English by the zeal of some who were specially Teutonic. I now find the same fact, or alleged fact, used from the opposite side. According to the Manchester Address, "it is not Keltic but Latin words that we must expect to have borrowed by Anglo-Saxon." So I suppose my pet basket is taken from me on this side also. We then get a reference to Mr. Earle, and a list of plants whose English names are borrowed from the Latin. Perhaps this is a fact that I have never known how to make the right use of; but it is a fact which I have known for many years, and of which I have at last tried to make some use. In the fifth volume of the History of

¹ I ought perhaps to except certain lands immediately on the Rhine and the Danube, where the phenomena came nearer to those of Britain than any other parts of the mainland, where there was something which came nearer than elsewhere to the displacement of one people by another. Yet even here, though the great cities were often taken, Christianity and city life never quite died out.

the Norman Conquest,¹ published in 1876, I discuss at some length both the supposed Welsh infusion into English, and the two stages of early Latin infusion, the second dating only from the conversion of the English, the earlier one—words like *port*, *street*, and *chester*, of which the Manchester address says nothing—dating from our first settlement in Britain or even before it. I then go on to say, with references to Mr. Earle, Dr. Morris, and Mr. Pearson ;

“There is also a string of Latin words, names of fruits and the like, of which it is not easy to say whether they belong to the first or to the second infusion, whether we found them in the land and learned their names from the Britons, or whether missionaries, merchants, or pilgrims brought in names and things alike during the second stage. In either case the names of the *pear* and the *cherry* came into our language by a process exactly similar to that which has made *tea* and *coffee* familiar words in later times.”

In the case of the cherry, the Manchester Address has hit on one of the same illustrations that I then chose. The fruit of Kerasos has been carried to many lands, and it has carried its name with it. So with the agricultural names. I said in my first volume² that “nearly all the words belonging to the nobler callings, all the terms of government and war, and nearly all the terms of agriculture, are thoroughly Teutonic.” The Manchester Address bears out my word “nearly” in the case of terms of agriculture, by quoting one tool with a Welsh and one with a Latin name. It does not dispute the accuracy of my word “all” as applied to terms of war and government. How, I again ask, did it come, on the theory of the Manchester Address, that in Britain all Latin terms of war and government and all Latin terms of agriculture save one, the obstinate *coulter*, gave way to Teutonic names, while in Gaul the Latin names lived on, with a Teutonic infusion which is almost invisible? Why, I ask, on the new theory, were there *kings* in Britain, *reges* in Gaul, *heretogan* in Britain, *duces* in Gaul, *calldormen* in Britain, *seniores* in Gaul, *gesidas* in Britain, *comites* in Gaul? Had, I repeat, the state of Britain in the sixth century been the same as the state of Gaul, the abiding results would be the

¹ Norman Conquest, v. 517.

² Vol. i. p. 19.

same. Instead of having taken several infusions of Latin words into our Teutonic tongue, we should have simply spoken a Romance tongue like our neighbours. Instead of merely calling our pears and cherries by Latin names, we should, like our neighbours, have had Latin names for our kings, our swords, our wives, our houses, our hounds and horses, our bread and ale, and every other thing that we have.

We are then triumphantly told that "the philological argument has thus been cut away from under the feet of the advocates of the theory of extermination, and shown to tell precisely the contrary tale." Knowing of no advocates of any such theory of extermination as the Address supposes, I am not greatly concerned whether any argument, philological or otherwise, is cut from under their feet or not. But I have to thank the author of the Address for a philological argument, which, when I have been able to consider it more fully, I may accept or reject, but which, if I do accept it, I shall welcome as a new and powerful support of the only doctrine that I have ever maintained. The question that follows, whether there really are any Welshmen, concerns some others more than it concerns me. It seems to be essentially a revival of the older theory of Mr. Thomas Wright, of a conquest of what is now Wales by the northern Cymry about the same time as the conquest of what is now England by the Angles and Saxons. That theory too I may have to see to some day or other. I will only say now that the disappearance of Latin, by any other process than that of displacement of its speakers, at the hands of Celtic invaders, is just as amazing, just as contrary to all experience elsewhere, as the like disappearance at the hands of Teutonic invaders.

It is perhaps an useful warning that "the limitations of the relations of dolichocephalism and brachycephalism to the Aryan the [Celtic] race need further investigation." Tied into these the immediate range of dolichocephalisms." I do not kephalism may perhaps carry the war would upset all my

While accepting the alleged discoveries in this line as contributions to knowledge to be carefully and respectfully weighed, they will decline to pledge themselves to any of their results as infallible truth till that further investigation has taken place. With these cautions, the believers in the doctrine that the English people still is the English people will not find anything very frightful in two articles published in the *Times* last October under the heading of the "British Race-Types of To-Day." The first of course begins with some of the usual protests against doctrines which nobody ever held, but when we come to the actual results of dolichocephalic and brachycephalic research, we can easily live through them. It is just as it ought to be when we read that "Yorkshire is strikingly Teutonic, Northumberland and Durham are mainly Anglian, with a considerable infusion of Danish." It is a purely domestic difficulty when we ask how the Danes come to be in Bernicia when we should rather have looked for them in Deira. "Kent, Sussex, and Hampshire are mainly Saxon." That is comforting. "In Berkshire and Oxfordshire and Western Gloucestershire the Saxons predominate. Around Aylesbury too the Saxons are in force." They certainly came to Aylesbury in some force in 571, and they seem to have stayed on there. In Berkshire too it is pleasant to hear that the stock of Godric of Fithide and Thurkill of Kingston has not died out. When I read that "Staffordshire and Derbyshire are largely Anglian, the people having lighter hair than in almost any other county," I so greatly rejoice in this picture of my own immediate countrymen that I care less for a little sub-theory of mine—that phrase has, I think, a scientific sound—that the Peak never was strictly English at all, but that Danes conquered it from Britons. I pass on, with satisfaction only less complete, from the land of my birth to the land of my adoption. "We find in Somerset and Devon"—the Chronicles say "Somerset and Devonshire"—"a mixed type, showing intermediate characters between Saxons and darker people,

the numbers of the latter decidedly increasing"—increasing, I suppose, as we go westward. Is not this just what I have always insisted on? I should always have looked in those parts for an intermediate character between Saxons and something. Only I do not quite like these "darker people." That even in Kent and Sussex somebody not Jutish or Saxon should have lingered on in woods and marshes does not trouble me. But I had hoped that such survivors would at least have been good Welshmen, or, if it is better liked, good Romans; but it seems that they are "dark-featured people," about whom I do not quite understand when it is added that they are "probably of early British descent." Throughout it is not the Britons that trouble us; it is these dark people who, it seems, are sometimes Iberians, sometimes Phœnicians, sometimes, it is painful to write it, Mongols or something in that line. Mongols, it seems, or persons of "Mongoloid" affinity, are found thickly settled in the heart of Wales. That is very sad; but it is some comfort on the other hand to read that "on the south coast, in Monmouthshire, Glamorgan and Pembrokeshire, the hair and eyes are much lighter, due to Saxon, Norman, and Flemish colonization." I wonder whether dolichocephalic science has got so minute as to be able to know a West-Saxon skull from that of a Fleming, and to tell me whether Gower was or was not settled from Somerset.

On the whole, we Dutchmen of all kinds are left very much as we were. If our area is here and there cut a little shorter than we had fancied, it is only a little. Perhaps after all two or three of the dark type crept out of Anderida by some postern or some breach in the wall. It is the Welsh who have to look out. It is of them, not of the English, that the new science writes its wonderful and horrible things. I do not at all relish it, if our British neighbours, whom we used to look on as at least Aryan cousins, cousins fully reconciled, are to be turned into these strange beings with "Mongoloid affinities." I do not expect Cornwall to be Teutonic; it would upset all my

notions if it were; but I am somewhat grieved about the Phœnicians and Jews. Must we after all see on every day of Jove the bitterness of Zion at Market-Jew, and is a date to be found for King Aleph—*rex unius literæ*—and even for King Hannibal Grylls?¹ Untouched as a Teuton, I still feel as a would-be Aryan; and I do hope that the limitations and relations of dolichocephalism and brachycephalism may in this matter receive some further investigation.

How then does the matter stand? Much as it did before, as far as the folk of the Angles and Saxons have to deal with it. Let the Britons see to their own house; at any rate no folk on earth is better provided with a Professor to keep it for them. I feel very much as I did some years back, when Mr. Elton put forth his *Origins of English History*. Then too there was a great flourish of trumpets to say that some supposed Teutonic theory was set aside for ever, that Mr. Elton had come as the wild boar out of the wood, to root up, not only myself here present, but also the Bishop of Chester, Mr. Green, and certain other. Yet we went through the ordeal unscathed. In Mr. Elton's book I found a mass of most curious learning on subjects which I had never thought about; I found nothing to upset any doctrine to which I had ever attached the slightest importance. So it is now. I can give the physiological discoverers all thanks; I can wish them all good luck; they teach me several things which I did not know before; they upset no article of my historic creed. There is nothing in their lore which compels those who believe the English folk to be the English folk to recant anything. We may still hold that

"From the East hither
Angles and Saxons
Up became,
Over the broad brim

¹ The kings who bore these odd Semitic names have no place in real history; but they will be found in older and newer romances of Hereward.

Britain they sought,
 Lordly warsmiths,
 Welsh they overcame,
 A land they gat them."¹

And in that land we their children still dwell. In them, in our fathers, we came hither, a company of men on whose physical origin and physical characters I do not presume to risk a judgement, but who had a common speech, a speech of the class conventionally known as Teutonic, who had common beliefs, common customs, all in common that goes to make up a national life. We gradually came to call ourselves by a common name, to obey a common prince, to act in all things as an united nation. Moreover in the land where we settled we found men of another speech, other beliefs, other customs, with all in short that goes to make up national life other than our own. In the greater part of the land, the speech, the belief, the customs, of that other people so thoroughly passed away that it is hard to come to any other conclusion than that one company of men, one nation, if we choose so to call it, has so far displaced another that any remnants of the elder nation that lived on abide as mere survivals. Some here and there may have escaped to woods and marshes; here and there we spared a woman, a child, a suppliant who craved for mercy, and who lived on as an useful *theow*, to teach us the Latin names of the cherry and the coulter. In another part of the land, though there was no such displacement as this, yet we became so largely dominant as gradually to assimilate the elder folk to our own likeness. Our nation thus formed, known on our own lips as English, on the lips of the elder folk as Saxon, has ever since kept its ground and remained the abiding folk of the land. In the fourteen

¹ Chronn. 937, at the end of the Song of Brunanburh;

“Sippan eastan hider
 Engle and Seaxe
 Up becoman.
 Ofer brad brimu
 Brytene sohtan

Wlance wigsmipas
 Welas ofercofman
 Eorlas arwate
 Eard begeatan.”

hundred years since our first settlement, in the nine hundred years since we became an united people, we have had to deal with some whom we conquered and with some who conquered us ; but we adopted, assimilated, absorbed, alike conquerors and conquered into the very essence of our national being. We took in not a few foreign elements ; but we took them in as mere infusions into an existing body. We doubtless underwent some change through such infusions ; we are not in all things as we should have been if the Dane, the Norman, the Fleming, the Poitevin, the Huguenot, the Palatine, had never come among us. But none of these strangers has wrought in us such a change as really to break the continuity of our national life, and some of the so-called strangers might truly pass for later waves of the first settlement. Our folk has never changed its national name or its national speech. The Englishman still abides an Englishman, while the Gaul first became a Roman, and then the Roman, taking in a certain Teutonic infusion, grew into a Frenchman. Our old Teutonic speech still lives ; and we, Angles, Saxons, Jutes, Danes, Flemings, we can boast that we, alone of the great nations of Europe, still keep that old Teutonic tongue in its most ancient shape.¹ I will not say, as I have heard it hinted, that High-Dutch is simply English mispronounced by Slaves ; but I will say that High-Dutch is simply Low-Dutch with its ancient sounds strangely changed by somebody. We still *eat* and *drink* ; they still *eat* and *drink* in Holland, in Friesland, in the elder Saxony, in Sweden, in Norway, in Iceland ; in High-Dutchland they have taken to such very modern processes as those of *essen* and *trinken*. That old Teutonic tongue we have never exchanged for

¹ No philologer will, I suppose, deny that the Low-Dutch forms of words are older than the High-Dutch. But the notion that English is "derived from "German" is still so very common among those who are not philologers, that it is needful specially to insist on the fact that English, as a Low-Dutch dialect, really represents an older stage of the Teutonic speech than High-Dutch.

any other; we have not done as the Gaul did when he exchanged his speech for that of Rome, as the Briton of Cornwall—if I may speak of Britons in Cornwall—did when he exchanged his speech for that of England. Into that abiding tongue many a word has crept in from foreign sources; but the true life of the tongue has never been sapped; the fount of English undefiled has never been dried up. For every end highest and holiest, dearest and most needful, the folk of England still speak the living tongue of Hengest and Cerdic. When the Englishman kneels before his God, when he bows before his king, when he weds his bride, when he greets his friend, when he welcomes his child into the world or follows his father to the grave, he still speaks the speech of the old days and needs not to borrow a word from any tongue beyond the sea. The law of England is still the old law, the law which our fathers brought with them; it has changed indeed not a little through the growth of other laws beside it, but it has never been put aside for the law of any other people. It has never fared as when in other lands the elder law has given way to the law of Rome, the law of Arabia, or the law of England itself. These

truths which we must set forth over and over again, in season and out of season; they are truths which are the first of truths in English history; nay they are more than the first of truths in English history; they are the very life and soul of the past history and the present being of the still abiding English folk.

No nation is wholly pure; no language is wholly unmixed. The English nation, the English language, are mixed as all others are, but our blood is not more mixed than the blood of every nation must be which has played an equally great part in the history of the world. The

vocabulary of our language has received a vast infusion of foreign words; but, under the circumstances of its history, it shows its abiding strength that it only received a vast infusion of foreign words, and was not altogether

exchanged for a foreign tongue. We are not a *Mischvolk* in the same sense as our French neighbours, who draw their blood from one set of sources, who draw their language from another, and their name and their political history from a third.¹ We are nothing like so mixed as the Italian or the Spaniard, with his national being made up of every race that Rome ever conquered and every race that ever conquered Rome. We are not more mixed than our High-Dutch kinsfolk. The Celtic element in England can hardly be so great as the Slavonic element is in Germany, and there must be a Celtic element in Germany too. We bow to the superior purity of the Dane, the Swede, and the Norwegian; but their purity, only comparative after all, is bought at the price of having, in later times at least, played a less part in the history of Europe than the Englishman, the Frenchman, or the German.

I have made my protest; I have made my answer, so far as an answer can be made where there is really no question. I must now go back to the long and slow, I will not say weary, path on which I have entered. I have to make my way by the speech, the laws, the deeds, of Merwings and of Karlings to the speech, the laws, the deeds of them who came from the first England in the keels of Hengest and Ælle, and who have borne from the second England to the third, the speech of Ælfred with the amendments of Robert Manning, the laws of King Eadward with the amendments of King William.

¹ I have worked this out more fully in *Historical Essays*, iii. 207.

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